

power or to scientific precision. But the chief value of the book consists in the account it gives of the condition of the people and the character of the Turkish administration. A more utterly melancholy and hopeless condition cannot be imagined. The soil, in many places very fertile, lies for the most part untilled, partly because there are no means of communication, partly because the cultivator, especially the Armenian cultivator in the far interior, has no security for the products of his labour. The total destruction of forests has left immense areas arid and destitute of fuel. Valuable mines are left unworked, partly from want of fuel, partly because the ore has to be conveyed great distances to the coast on the backs of animals. The so-called government is administered by judges who are universally corrupt, and by provincial governors most of whom have had to buy themselves into their places, most of whom seek to enrich themselves by cruel exactions from the peasantry, and who neglect every other executive duty. When now and then an honest governor appears, he is able to do little good, being opposed by Mohammedan prejudice, which will not suffer him to treat the Christians liberally, and he is speedily removed by the authorities at Constantinople, who are worked on by intrigues, and whom he cannot propitiate by money, because to obtain the money he would have to oppress his subjects. No encouragement is given to Europeans to develop the country; on the contrary, every obstacle is thrown in their way. These phenomena are common over the whole Asiatic provinces; and are, in fact, the unfailing concomitants of Turkish rule. In Armenia proper there is added to them another source of mischief—the raids of savage marauding tribes. The Kurds, who inhabit the mountains, swoop down upon the Armenian peasant of the lower grounds, levy contributions of food, cattle, and money upon him, or kill him and burn his house if any resistance is offered. They carry off his wife and daughters; and assert, not without reason, that they are favoured by the Sultan, who sees in them a support against possible disaffection on the part of the Christians. All this, and much more of the same kind, is written in the official reports of British consuls during the last ten or twelve years: all this is amply illustrated by the facts Mr. Barkley states from his own observation. Speaking of Brusa, he says (p. 42):—

"Brusa is a favoured spot in all ways, and to the uninitiated it appears strange that there are not more Europeans engaged there in commerce, agriculture, etc.; but it is not so to those who know the Turk. Again and again men from various parts of Europe have made a start there, but invariably with the same result. A few years of struggle, more or less money wasted, and failure. There seems to be no exception; and of the numberless men who have commenced farming, mining, etc., in this district, we could not hear of one who had succeeded, or even retired taking with him the original capital he brought with him into the country. The great cause for this is the utter insecurity of property held by a European. Say he buys a farm, a mine, or a manufactory. In the purchase every formality has been observed, proper papers taken out, and title deeds secured. Years pass, and perhaps the undertaking begins to look prosperous, when in steps a Turk, or an Armenian with a Turk to back him, who claims the property. It belonged to his great-grandfather, and was illegally taken from him. He has no papers to show this, but he has a number of witnesses to prove it. Turkish law is set a-going; weary days and months are wasted over it; and at last it is almost invariably decided that the European is a trespasser. Ambassadors are appealed to, more time and money expended, and the decision is reversed; when the Turk begins all over again in another court, with more witnesses and more evidence, till at last the European, disgusted at his works having been stopped, and at the hideous injustice he meets with, throws all up in despair and, if he is wise, abandons the country. The victorious claimant either sells his unjustly acquired property to some fresh flat, or lets it all fall to ruin and decay. But should the European, by the help of a powerful Ambassador, succeed in gaining a verdict, and, after paying for his law and other expenses, continue his industry, he is worse off than if he had been driven from the country. The Government officials feel sure he is prospering, and, as prosperity is a crime in their eyes, all are against him. He is obstructed in all ways. The stream that watered his land or turned his mill is diverted at its source. His crops rot on the ground while waiting for the tithe-collector; he is over-taxed and illegally taxed, and, in one way or another, is always in hot water; till, little by little, his profits are *nil*, and to save being utterly ruined he realises what he can of his original capital and leaves a country that has used him so ill. And so it was that in all our journeys through Asia Minor we never saw a man who was succeeding in anything."

"A vali told me that he is utterly powerless. His *kamiakams* and *mudirs* buy their offices in Constantinople, and they come here to rob the Treasury and to plunder the people. . . . Another said he could not rely on his own *zaptiehs* (police) even. Their pay is next to nothing; so when one is sent for a culprit, he takes a bribe and reports that the man is not to be found. . . . Wherever soldiers have been sent to protect the people from the Kurds, the people are praying to be delivered from the soldiers, preferring the tender mercies of the Kurds to the robberies of the soldiers. The oppression, too, of Christians by their own Turkish neighbours is great." (Pp. 224, 230.)

The anecdotes which Mr. Barkley gives in support of his general conclusions are too long for us to quote, but well deserve the attention of whoever cares to learn the actual state of the country whose frontiers we undertook in 1878 to defend against Russia, and for whose retention under its present detestable government Great Britain more perhaps than any other European Power is responsible. The only people of whom Mr. Barkley has anything good to say are the American missionaries, to whose unselfish devotion amid disheartening surroundings he pays a warm tribute, dwelling particularly on the educational work done by their colleges, and especially by that at Aintab. He describes the Mohammedan no less than the Christian population as looking forward with hope (in 1878) to the arrival of the English, who, it was apparently supposed, were going to take over the administration of the country. It may seem odd that with such universal discontent at the native government there is never any talk—at least, among the disaffected Turks—of an insurrection; but the reason is doubtless to be found partly in their hatred of the Christians, partly in the disappearance or impoverishment, except in a few districts, of the old native aristocracy. This is a curious subject which scarcely any European travellers have investigated; few, indeed, of those who would be competent to do so, have lived long enough in the country to get to understand its social history.

#### THE APRIL MAGAZINES.

THE most notable feature in the month's magazines is the predominance of biographical matter. In the *Contemporary* Dr. Dale writes of Constance Naden, whom Mr. Gladstone, in an early number of *THE SPEAKER*, placed among the chief women-poets of our time. Dr. Dale has a very vivid recollection of "Consie" when she was about nine or ten. At that age he found her a delightful companion, with nothing vague or loose either in her thought or her expression. Her early development is comparable to that of Scott's and Dr. John Brown's "Pet Marjorie." Dr. Dale is not in sympathy with "Hylo-Idealism," the philosophical creed which Miss Naden in later years learnt from Dr. Lewins, but he admires the acuteness and charming lightness of touch which marks her philosophical essays; and he believes that had she lived twenty years longer, she would have taken an enduring place in English literature. With this we agree, and we think that Constance Naden's early death is as much to be regretted as that of Margaret Fuller. The study in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Yetta de Bury, of "A Celebrated Frenchwoman," is based on M. Geffroy's book on Madame de Maintenon. The writer accepts M. Geffroy's reading of the character of Louis XV.'s wife-mistress. According to him, Madame de Maintenon was not, as Cousin concludes, heartless; but, knowing only one love, she made it her secret in life and in death. Much insight into the characters of women is shown in this article, and its interest is enhanced by abundant and well-arranged quotations and conversations. It remains to be seen, however, whether the last word on Madame de Maintenon is that she was devoid of intrigue, and nobly given up to the cause of education. A companion-paper will be found in the *Nineteenth Century*, where Mr. H. Schütz Wilson draws a picture of the fair, ill-fated, and very wicked Bianca Capello, the wife-mistress of Francesco de Medici. "Amours de Voyage," also in the *Fortnightly*, is an interesting account of an

unpublished MS. of Fabre d'Eglantine, the secretary of Danton, and the companion on the scaffold of Danton and Camille Desmoulins. This *Journal de mon voyage* has come into the possession of Professor Dowden. He thinks that the publishers were wise in omitting it from Fabre d'Eglantine's works, as it is quite unnecessary after "La Nouvelle Heloise" and the "Sorrows of Werther;" but he is moved to become the brief chronicler of Fabre d'Eglantine's young love, because he finds in it a touch of comedy not altogether of the *genre larmoyant*. We may give an example of this comedy. Fabre's purse being at a very low ebb, he was constrained to write to his lady-love, Madame Catan, for the loan of money. She sent him three louis d'or, but the accompanying letter was very cold; nothing but reason, prudence, morality, and economy. "They say," is Fabre's remark, "that money is the key of the human heart; alas, yes! but—it is the key which fastens the lock." In the *London Quarterly Review* four of the articles are biographical; two, one on Philip Henry Gosse and the other on Lord Houghton, being specially good. The writer of the former finds Mr. Edmund Gosse's life of his father a singularly instructive and fascinating biography. The latter is a brief but very full sketch of Lord Houghton. In the *New Review* Miss Ellen Terry, who writes, as she acts, with a graceful gesture in every sentence, begins her autobiography as an actress under the title of "Stray Memories." In the *Century* there are some interesting domestic letters of the Wordsworths and De Quincey, contributed by Dr. Japp; Mr. W. Fraser Rae discourses on Cowper in *Temple Bar*; there is a good account in the *English Illustrated* by Mr. Fred. G. Kitton of Mr. William James Linton, the many-sided—engraver, poet, publicist; a brief note on the Dutch hero of Majuba Hill in the *United Service Magazine*; and in *Good Words* a sympathetic article on the late Mr. John Nicol by Dr. Donald McLeod.

A remarkable piece of fiction appears in the *Contemporary*. It is by Camille Flammarion, and is entitled "The Last Days of the Earth." 2,200,000 years after Jesus Christ, the last great focus of human civilisation shone in the centre of equatorial Africa. All the joys of life had been raised to their maximum of intensity, so that the nervous system could no longer find a moment's rest, and about their twenty-fifth year men and women dropped dead of total exhaustion. The bulk of the earth, continent and sea, had disappeared under an immense shroud of snow and ice. All the women of the upper classes were sterile, and only a few of those in the lower classes in a condition to undertake the duties of motherhood. Most of the inhabitants of equatorial Africa had resigned themselves to extinction; but a youth of the lower classes determined to find if any human groups still existed in the habitable portions of the earth, in the hope that an infusion of new blood might save his race for a few years longer. He set sail with some companions in an electric *aërostat*, and found at last some women in Ceylon. It would be unfair to pursue the story further; but we can assure the reader that the description of the death of Omegar and Eva, the last man and woman, is a very thrilling passage.

The second part of "The Pupil," in *Longman's*, completes one of the most remarkable portraits Henry James has ever drawn. As a study of a boy there has been nothing like it in recent years, except, and of course in a totally different kind, Mr. Shorthouse's "Little Schoolmaster Mark." In the same magazine, "Sally," by Mrs. Parr, is a striking story of true womanliness in the wife of a hawker. *St. Nicholas*, which is always delightful, contains the concluding portion of "Elfie's Visit to Cloudland and the Moon," by Frances V. and E. J. Austen, two clever people who have discovered the secret of the Man in the Moon. The moon, as everybody knows, is made of green cheese, and the Man in it is engaged every month in making a new one out of the Milky Way.

Mrs. Lynn Linton says that twenty-five years after you have broken your heart for your first love if you happen to meet her you find her "a little coarse and more than a little tart." Mrs. Lynn Linton's early work was not exactly our first love in literature, yet we find her later work "more than a little tart." "Our Illusions," in the current *Fortnightly*, is particularly acidulous. History is just a bundle of parti-coloured illusions; saints and heroes are but men judged of without the testimony of their valets; and Helen, when her "face launched a thousand ships," may have been freckled, and was certainly not in the first bloom of youth. Love, friendship, sense, is all maya, all delusion. "Positive certainty belongs to youth and inexperience only." Why then, we may ask, is old age so "positively certain" that all that is worth living for is delusion? As we have had occasion to say before in these columns, the most deceptive of all forms of illusion is disillusion; and Mrs. Lynn Linton may be altogether wrong when she talks of old age couching the mental vision of the blindness wrought by passion; because it is just possible that it is through the growing cataract of old age that the stature of heroes seems dwarfed, and the face of Helen haggard. If anyone requires an antidote to Mrs. Lynn Linton's croaking, it may be found in the gallant hopefulness of Mr. F. W. H. Myers's essay on "Science and a Future Life" in the *Nineteenth Century*.

The most important contribution of the month to literary criticisms is contained in the *New Review*. There Messrs. Paul Bourget, Walter Besant, and Thomas Hardy, in discussing the "Science of Fiction," contrive from their individual standpoints to be pretty much of the same opinion—an opinion which M. Bourget states most succinctly when he says, "In every novel the primary condition is that it must be an imaginary fragment of human life." Mr. Besant, who is nothing if not didactic, thinks that the art of fiction ought to be taught. In *Longman's* Mr. Andrew Lang has a brief but very admirable note on Thackeray. There is a solid discourse on Schiller for young people in the *Monthly Packet*.

"The Savoy Dynasty, the Pope, and the Republic," an anonymous criticism in the *Contemporary* of European politics during the last thirty years, may be read profitably along with Colonel Malletson's "France and Germany, or 1806 versus 1870" in the *United Service Magazine*.

In the *National Review* Mr. W. Goff suggests that the sun does not part with any heat in an appreciable degree, except so much as is absorbed by the planets—a theory which meets the conclusion of geologists and biologists who require a much longer time for the past duration of the solar system than is given by the accepted theory of uniform radiation from a heated globe independent of the bodies which receive the heat. This theory puts forward Doomsday several millions or hundreds of millions of years.

The magazines are particularly strong this month in travel papers; and the remaining literary, scientific, political, and miscellaneous matter is as varied and interesting as usual. We should like to refer separately to a number of other admirable articles, but must confine ourselves to mentioning two: Prince Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid Among Savages" in the *Nineteenth Century*, and "The Garden of Death," by Evelyn Pine, in the *National Review*.

#### THE THEATRE IN THE HOME.

CHAMBER COMEDIES. A Collection of Plays and Monologues for the Drawing-room. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

BORES might, perhaps, be divided into many classes. They may be divided roughly, almost brutally, into two. There are bores who are bores by nature, whose very presence and conversation are so wearisome as to be positively painful; and there are also those who have made themselves bores by their habit of doing things which Providence never



intended them to do, for the entertainment of others. It is to be feared that the latter class will find an insuperable attraction in Mrs. Bell's collection of drawing-room plays; for the most part they do not require scenery; they look easy and effective; and yet they demand distinct, almost remarkable ability. We need say nothing of the first piece, *L'Indécis*. This little comedy has, we believe, already made its appeal to the public through the most competent interpreter. Other pieces in the volume have already been printed in *Temple Bar* or *The Woman's World*. But two of those which will probably be new to the public are among the most admirable in the present collection—*An Unpublished MS.* and *A Modern Locusta*. Of these two the latter is the more difficult, and should not be attempted by anyone who has not some good reason for her belief in her dramatic ability. It is a piece which seems to us to have considerable potentialities in it—in the hands of two clever actresses it might be impressive and successful; in the hands of two untrained bores it would be too dull for words to express. *The Wrong Poet* seems rather far-fetched and impossible; it deals with an idea which has been used with greater skill by James Payn. *The Public Prosecutor*, a one-act play, suggested by Boisgobey's *Crime de l'Opéra*, is more ambitious, but not much more successful. Mrs. Bell seems to us far too ready to give way to some of the dreary old conventionalities. Here, for instance, are a few lines from one of the best pieces in the book:—

"A poisoner! Fancy an eminent Q.C. marrying a poisoner. I must ask my uncle about that. He will be so interested in one of his brother barristers doing such a thing. I know! I'll pretend that I think it is himself. Ha, ha, what a good joke that would be!"

It is a dear old trick, but we have grown a little tired of it. On the other hand, much of the dialogue throughout the book is bright and amusing. The monologues are very pleasant reading, but we doubt very much whether an average amateur would make much of them. He, or she, will doubtlessly try them. Mrs. Bell has not forgotten her friends, the children. There are three plays at the end of the book, written especially for them. There are very few, if any, long speeches in these pieces, and they seem admirably suited for the children. The last piece in the book is for very small children, and the characters can be played either by girls or boys. On the whole, this will be found a useful book by amateurs of all ages, provided they select judiciously.

#### ONE-VOLUME FICTION.

1. *FLOWER DE HUNDRED: A STORY OF A VIRGINIA PLANTATION.* By Mrs. Burton Harrison. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co.
2. *MADLINE POWER.* By Arthur W. Marchmont, B.A. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1891.
3. *A MODERN MARRIAGE.* By the Marquise Clara Lanza. London: William Heinemann. 1891.
4. *THE LOST HEIRESS: A TALE OF LOVE, BATTLE, AND ADVENTURE.* By Ernest Glanville. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

"*FLOWER DE HUNDRED*" is not, perhaps, so brilliant a book as "*The Anglomaniacs*"; it has attractions of a different kind, but it resembles it in being rather a study than a story. Much of the book is genealogical, descriptive, discursive. We spare a little time in discussing the antecedents of Richard Throckmorton, Esq. The author finds that she "must not omit a glance at the general relation to the families of their owners of the negroes of Old Virginia homes." Or we are called upon to wait while we, "for the better understanding of events that are to follow, bestow a passing glance upon the social conditions of the American Republic, so soon to be plunged into fratricidal war." Mrs. Burton Harrison's descriptive powers are admirable. Even those pages which only have a very indirect bearing upon the story itself are interesting and sometimes beautiful; but an excess of description always stands in the way of the story. Some of the main points on which the story turns are familiar

enough; when we have two young heroes in a family we almost expect some slight mistake as to the rightful heir. In short, the story itself, although the concluding part of it has undoubted interest and pathos, is not the strongest thing in the book; it is not, artistically, so good as the descriptive pages which weigh it down, or, at least, stand in the way of its progress. The stage is overcrowded, and we see too little of some of the prominent characters. Most of these are attractive and pleasant people; the most charming of all is undoubtedly Ursula, and we are glad that for her the story ends happily. The individuality of the others is marked, but less marked; there are points where the old colonel seems to remind us of another colonel, the best known in English fiction. As a book, as a study, "*Flower de Hundred*" is very pleasing; but as a story it has obvious imperfections.

The author of "*Madeline Power*" must be particularly fond of the purely conventional. The hero and heroine love one another dearly at the commencement of the story. But the hero's father is a man of violent temper who has the gout. In conventional fiction it is impossible for an old man to have a violent temper without having the gout also. The gout accounts for the temper. It never seems to occur to writers of this kind that a violent temper may be part of a man's inherent sinfulness, or that it may be the result of a perusal of such writers' books. The gouty father desired his son to marry, not the heroine, but Miss Gertrude Faraday, having set his ill-tempered eyes upon Miss Faraday's acres, which adjoined his own property. At the same time, the heroine's cruel stepmother desired her to marry, not the hero, but one Hammond Ellaway, whose liver, we learn later on, was white, and who was in other ways an unpleasant person. So the cruel stepmother and the gouty father conspire horribly together to part the two lovers. Their machinations may seem somewhat puerile, but they were effective. The heroine fled to London, and took lodgings. She gave French lessons, got defrauded, worked a type-writer, and finally wrote a story which was accepted. But one of the other lodgers in the house was a detective. He was shrewd, as sly as a certain Major Bagstock, but he had a feeling heart. We need not pursue the story further. It is safe to leave the persecuted heroine with the paternal detective. You drop in the detective and pull out the happy conclusion. The story is mechanical and poor; it may possess a mild interest for the unfortunate people who have never read a good novel, and it contains absolutely nothing which could hurt the morals of the feeblest insect; but we can give it no higher praise.

"*A Modern Marriage*" is not an easy book to criticise. Its tone is unhealthy. Every subject is a fair subject for genius, but talent should be sparing in its use of incidents which are frequent in this story. To many the book will merely seem to be somewhat offensive, but no critic can let it pass in that way. We do not dispute for a minute that much of the writing in it is, to say the least of it, ill-judged; but we cannot be blind to the undoubted originality and power of its author, and we do not think that the moral enforced could be called bad. It is the old story of the faithless wife, the good but commonplace husband, and the brilliant lover; but the writer's touch is new. The characters, with the exception of one or two minor persons who are conventional and farcical, are like life. Some of the scenes in the book are dramatic and impressive. The conclusion is artistic, and the pathos of the story is real.

"*The Lost Heiress*" is a story of adventure. Its plot is melodramatic. Its characters are those with which most adventure stories have made us familiar. It is chiefly remarkable for its introduction of the scene of the death of the Prince Imperial at the hands of the Zulus. It is written with a certain amount of vigour, and it will undoubtedly have an interest for those who like adventure stories, but as artistic work it does not rank very high.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

MR. SCRUTTON'S book on the Law of Copyright comes opportunely at the time when the Incorporated Society of Authors have brought into Parliament a Bill purporting to consolidate the whole tangled mass of statutes and cases which make up the English law upon this subject; one of the subjects which is rendered difficult, not only by the multiplicity of enactments, but by the controversies which are still maintained regarding the principles on which the legal recognition of copyright is based. His treatise is clearly written, and, so far as we have tested it, careful in its statements of the law, which have been well brought up to date. It is more bulky than it need have been for the purposes of the practising lawyer, but in the hope of attracting non-professional readers, Mr. Scrutton has diverged into the history of the English law of copyright, and has introduced some remarks on the question as it stands in the United States; nor are we prepared to say that he has erred in making these additions, seeing that the subject is one which is much canvassed outside purely legal circles.

An unpretending little book, but one which is well worth reading, is "A Lady's Letters from Central Africa," written to friends in Scotland during a journey, in the course of the summer and autumn of last year, from Mandala, Shiré Highlands, to Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika, and back. Mrs. Moir has, we believe, the distinction of being the first lady traveller in South Central Africa, and in simple straightforward language, without the least touch of exaggeration, she describes in these pages the places which she visited and the people she encountered in the course of the pioneer journey which she made with her husband, Mr. Frederick Moir, of the African Lakes Company. Mr. Moir and his brother have done much to advance on honourable lines British interests in Equatorial Africa; they concluded treaties with the native chiefs, and succeeded, in spite of the interference of the Portuguese, in laying a broad basis for British enterprise in Nyassaland. In fact, there is truth in the assertion that Lord Salisbury and Commissioner Johnston are building at the present moment on the foundations laid by the Moirs and the African Lakes Company. At present the slave-trader in South Central Africa makes his money by buying ivory in the interior of the continent, and by stealing his carriers there too, and then selling ivory and carriers alike when the caravan reaches the coast. The slave-trade by itself does not pay, and it is contended in these pages that if an English company can afford, because of its better means of transit, to give more for ivory than the Arab merchants can, it is reasonable to hope that the iniquitous traffic in human flesh and blood will come to an end, and do so without any recourse to heroic measures. Mrs. Moir's letters are not marked by any special ability either of observation or expression; they merely give, in a frank informal way, an educated woman's "first impressions" of regions and races of which as yet surprisingly little is known.

"London of To-Day"—Mr. Pascoe's illustrated handbook of the season—has won the honours of a seventh edition, and in the main the handsome volume, which, by the way, is growing more bulky with years, deserves its popularity. The arrangement of the book is both ingenious and unconventional, and the information is precisely of the kind which a visitor to the metropolis is most likely to value, since it is at once both explicit and practical. There is a pleasant literary flavour, moreover, in these pages, and Mr. Pascoe contrives, in an artless and casual fashion, to bring before the sightseer in the streets many interesting historical associations of the town. The illustrations are, for the most part, uncommonly good, and the book in point of artistic excellence is superior to most other works of the kind. What we least like about "London of To-Day" are the trade-puffs of certain shops and hotels; this feature of the work is certainly one that is not to be commended, and we hope that in future editions of Mr. Pascoe's hardy annual it may be conspicuous by its absence. Otherwise, we have nothing but praise for the skilful and ingenious manner in which he has accomplished a difficult task.

Three years of almost continuous travelling in the territory north and east of the Vaal River has enabled Mr. Alford to write the first book which has yet appeared on the "Geological Features of the Transvaal." Within a comparatively recent

period, the Transvaal was chiefly known as the habitation of a "few discontented Boers," who had departed in chagrin from the British Colonies of South Africa. Then came a series of mining "booms"—the Lydenburg, the Barberton, and last, but not least, the Witwatersrand—and its gold-fields at once made the Transvaal famous. So far, no topographical survey of the country has yet been made, and this fact ought, in justice, to be borne in mind in any estimate of Mr. Alford's rough-and-ready classification. All that he, himself, claims for the book is that it gives a general description, in popular terms, of the geology of the Transvaal, with its coal deposits, mineral products, and the special characteristics of its renowned gold-fields. The book contains a geological map, several diagrams, and one or two other illustrations.

That useful reference list, "The English Catalogue of Books," has just made its annual appearance. It not merely professes to contain a complete list of all the works published in this country during the last twelve months, with their sizes, prices, and publishers' names, but also to furnish the same information concerning the chief books published within the same period in the United States. The names of the books are placed in alphabetical order in two distinct enumerations, one of which is based on the names of the authors, and the other on the titles of their works. The English Catalogue has now been issued for fifty-five years, and though it has not yet reached perfection, it is an undeniable boon to literary men and book-sellers. We gather from it that the literature of the year included upwards of twelve hundred works of fiction; theology came next with seven hundred and eight volumes; then followed seven hundred and three books which are classed under the rather vague and elastic term "educational." Juvenile story-books—though at a respectable distance—come next; and then in rapidly diminishing quantities history, *belles-lettres*, travel, art, medicine, poetry, law, and—politics.

The romance of invention and commerce are alike reflected in the group of biographical sketches of captains of industry and merchant-princes which Mr. Hogg has edited under the title of "Fortunes Made in Business." The growth of the great commercial enterprises of the nation have sprung, with scarcely an exception, from humble beginnings and unlooked-for discoveries; and the development of such undertakings has called to the front a number of remarkable men. The Peases of Darlington, the Crossleys of Halifax, and the Platts of Oldham, to take but one or two instances, are household names, which will always be honourably associated with the modern industrial activity of England, and in this book the story of these and other historic firms is traced. As a record of pluck and perseverance, mechanical ingenuity, and business aptitude, this book, though unequally written, is worthy of attention in its present revised and popular form. Here and there, however, adulation disfigures the narrative, and perhaps the smug complacency of some of the sketches is the most objectionable feature of an otherwise interesting book.

"Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stones" is one of the most charming books of its kind which we have recently encountered. It consists of a group of essays on the worship, the superstitions, and legends which have gathered around plants and flowers, and the ethical uses to which the frail nurslings of the earth and sky have been put by the poets. "There's wit in every flower, if thou canst gather it," are the quaint words of an old writer, and in these pleasant pages the attempt has been made to weave together in a suggestive but not oppressively hortatory manner the lessons which Nature is ever seeking to teach all who are not too proud or preoccupied to listen to her message. The volume is choicely printed, and the illustrations—nooks and corners of old gardens and the like—heighten the interest of a book which deserves to find a welcome. Mr. Tuckwell believes with Boileau that the best writing consists not in "attempting what is new, but in giving to things known and familiar an agreeable turn."

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\* THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT. By Thomas Edward Scrutton, LL.B., late scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of the Middle Temple. London: William Clowes & Sons.

A LADY'S LETTERS FROM CENTRAL AFRICA. By Jane F. Moir, with an introduction by the Rev. T. M. Lindsay, D.D. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. Small 8vo.

LONDON OF TO-DAY: AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK FOR THE SEASON 1891. By Charles Eyre Pascoe. London: Simpkin Marshall & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo.

GEOLOGICAL FEATURES OF THE TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA. By Charles J. Alford, F.G.S. Map and Illustrations. London: Edward Stanford. Demy 8vo.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE news from Manipur is in one respect very grave. There is no doubt now that MR. QUINTON and the other prisoners have been killed. The statement of the Regent that the massacre took place in consequence of an attack by our troops on the palace and temple is probably untrue; but we are still left without any authentic intelligence as to the cause of the tragedy. It is one which lays a heavy burden of responsibility upon the Viceroy and his advisers, who have to determine how far our prestige can be restored in Manipur without a resort to violent measures of reprisal. There are, happily, some reassuring items of intelligence. LIEUTENANT GRANT, who held the fort near Thobal, with a small force of Goorkhas, has inflicted a heavy defeat upon the Manipuris, and according to yesterday's telegrams the Senaputty who has been the chief offender in the whole affair, was one of the slain. With a rising of the Miranzais on the Afghan frontier, and the repulse of a small force by the Kanhow Chins, following close upon the Manipur defeat, it is perhaps natural that a section of the French Press—always ill-informed on Anglo-Indian matters—should affect to see signs of a growing instability of British rule in the East. The coincidence is, however, purely accidental, and the disturbances will be put down mainly by native troops. Perhaps the most serious aspect of our constantly recurring frontier troubles is their effect upon the inelastic revenues of India.

Two bye-elections are now pending. In the City the Liberal executive has resolved (subject to the decision of the election committee next week) not to bring forward a candidate for the late MR. BARING'S seat, the excellent suggestion of the Vicar of Bishopsgate that the present Governor of the Bank of England should be asked to stand as an independent candidate has not been followed up, and the Conservative, who may be MR. BENJAMIN L. COHEN, or MR. VICARY GIBBS, or SIR REGINALD HANSON, will probably have the field to himself. Delicate negotiations are said to be pending as to which it shall be. Outsiders can only hope that it will be remembered that the City is not the Corporation. In Mid-Oxfordshire, where the seat is vacated by MR. F. W. MACLEAN—a Dissident Liberal—having accepted a Mastership in Lunacy, the organisation on both sides is very perfect, and though the Liberal candidate only won in 1885 by a majority of 189, his then opponent had great local influence, and the constituency should now, under ordinary circumstances, have followed the example of North Bucks. MR. G. H. MORRELL, the Conservative candidate, is a brewer, and probably the wealthiest inhabitant of Oxford; and though he has not always been very popular, he has ample local influence. MR. G. R. BENSON, the Liberal candidate, is a young Balliol man, who will be remembered as MR. HENRY HARRISON'S companion on a famous occasion in Gweedore. He is, unfortunately, in Spain; but his supporters are working hard in anticipation of his arrival, and the contest ought to be interesting. The polling is fixed for the 21st inst.

THE Sligo election has completed the evidence which establishes the absolute overthrow of MR. PARNELL'S influence in Ireland. He still refuses to

carry out the promise he made to MR. MAURICE HEALY, though he must know that his refusal is fatal to the maintenance of his prestige; and, although he continues to make violent speeches, the conviction among all parties in Ireland is that he is a hopelessly beaten man.

SIR HENRY JAMES'S speech at Londonderry at the close of last week was nothing more than a violent demand for the maintenance of Orange supremacy in Ireland. His laudation of the loyalists of the North contrasts amusingly with the strong language used by MR. CHAMBERLAIN (a few years ago), in which the lip-homage of the Orangeman was contrasted with the treason lurking in his heart; and his eulogy of Ulstermen, as having committed none of the violent deeds which have disgraced other parts of Ireland, sounds rather oddly when one recalls the Belfast riots and the other disorders which have marked the determination of the Protestants of the North to maintain their ascendancy. Upon the whole, we think that SIR HENRY has done good service by his high-pitched speeches to the cause of justice. It is well that we should be reminded by extravagant utterances of this description that the real demand of Ulster is not for equality but for supremacy; that it is the minority which insists upon keeping the majority in bonds; and that the only kind of loyalty which the genuine Orangeman cherishes is loyalty to a power which regards his personal and sectarian interests as being paramount in all Irish affairs.

MR. MUNDELLA'S social programme appears, perhaps undesignedly, as a rival to that of SIR JOHN GORST, to which, though it does not pretend to be more than a sketch, it is largely superior. MR. MUNDELLA does not specifically mention the rounding-off of a labour programme, already half in execution, to which SIR JOHN gives his adherence; but he is, of course, in favour of completing the employer's liability for accident, and increasing the safety of our seamen, both of them mere extensions of previous Liberal legislation. As for the complete legalisation of the workers' unions which SIR JOHN favours, that is precisely the reform which his party resisted, and MR. MUNDELLA supported, in the vote on MR. ROBERTSON'S Bill for the amendment of the law of conspiracy. MR. MUNDELLA'S programme is also in advance of SIR JOHN GORST'S on the educational side. Both are for raising the age of employment to twelve, but SIR JOHN, for an obvious reason, is silent on the essential question of free primary and cheap secondary education, to which MR. MUNDELLA tacks MR. JOHN MORLEY'S proposal for the public relief of starving school-children.

ON the eight-hours question MR. MUNDELLA and SIR JOHN GORST take much the same ground, while in labour disputes the Liberal statesman favours individual as against State intervention. On the taxation question, we see, again, the difference between an attractive programme *ad hoc*, and a rational theory of social progress. SIR JOHN GORST has no reforms of taxation to suggest; MR. MUNDELLA favours an application of the principle of graduated charges, already obtaining in the death duties, to incomes, and he also advocates a new tax on realised wealth—both notable and valuable advances.

It is on the land question that MR. MUNDELLA strikes us as employing inadequate terms. "Free land" may mean much or little. Improved saleability is well in its way, but, as MR. ARTHUR ACLAND shows in the *New Review*, it must be made to cover fixity of tenure for the rural householder, and a genuine access to the soil for the cultivator. Mere cheapening of transfer will not effect these ends, the aim of the reformer being to tighten the control of the public authority as against the private owner. Interpreted in MR. ACLAND's fashion, free land is as good a formula as another, only it is as well to read into it the larger and more practical significance. MR. MUNDELLA, however, would of course unite to free land the vital Liberal reform of a revival of local, and especially of parish, government, as sketched in SIR CHARLES DILKE's Halifax speech of 1885.

LORD DUFFERIN seldom makes a speech that is not interesting, and his address to the students of St. Andrews University on Monday was no exception to the rule, though it was effectually spoilt by being summarised. His practical advice as to the study of Greek—that it should be learnt not through the classical authors, but through translations of modern stories such as "Robinson Crusoe"—has been anticipated in at least one elementary reading-book; but as it is supposed to be necessary to imbue small boys with taste and grammar at the same time, the present generation of schoolmasters is hardly likely to take heed. Adults—ladies, for instance—are taught the language on the principle he recommended—vocabulary first, and grammar afterwards—and, so far as concerns a working knowledge of it, with considerable success. But the schoolmaster will still call for "grounding"—though most Englishmen have not been "well grounded" in their mother tongue—and the established system has at least this advantage, that almost any educated man can work it to some extent, provided he can keep boys in order.

BUT LORD DUFFERIN's suggestions to public speakers were perhaps the most practical part of his speech. He advised learning by heart on special occasions; suggested writing and re-writing in different phraseology, not to learn the final product by heart, but simply to obtain power of expression; and illustrated from his own experience with shorthand writers in Canada that compression and clearness come by repetition—which most writers, at any rate, have learnt by painful experience. Among the "lesser moralities" that he recommended, it may be doubted whether one at least is generally attainable. How many busy people in this diffuse and distracting age have either the leisure or the power of concentration implied in shutting themselves up to consider an important matter for a couple of hours before deciding on it? Some day we shall learn how to intensify attention—which psychologists say has a special organ—by artificial means; but the tendencies of the age are all against the process.

THE retirement of MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN puts an end to a painful incident which at one time seemed likely to assume a serious character. There were few "stronger" men on the bench than SIR JAMES STEPHEN when he was first appointed. If in course of time he ceased to have the power of discharging his important duties with the efficiency which was to be desired, we believe that the fact was largely due to his conscientious devotion to his duty. Everybody will regret the reason for his retirement, and trust that his release from heavy work will be followed by a speedy restoration to his usual health. At the same time we are bound to name one matter in which

we have been compelled to differ from MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN. We have never held that the holder of a judicial office was above criticism. On the contrary, considering the security of tenure enjoyed by an English judge, his almost absolute personal independence, we hold that it is essential he should be subject to free criticism on behalf of the public. There is nothing sacred about judicial *obiter dicta*, and there is no contempt of court in exposing the folly of a judge who talks nonsense on the bench. We are glad in this connection to see the smart rebuke which MR. LOCKWOOD administered to one of the judges who had been guilty of this offence the other day.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week, although the rate in the open market has fallen to 2 per cent., and gold is once more being exported from New York, leading to the expectation that the Continental demand for the metal will be satisfied without taking much more from London. The directors, however, acted wisely in making no change, for there is still much distrust, and at any moment the market in consequence may be disturbed, especially as the situation in Buenos Ayres is growing worse and worse. Further, there are apprehensions of fresh difficulties both in Paris and Berlin, and political anxieties are once more cropping up. In the City the belief is as strong as ever that peace will be maintained; but if alarm should be excited by any untoward event in the Balkan Peninsula or elsewhere, there might be serious disturbance of the Continental Money Markets. Lastly, the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is too small, and the Directors are well advised to do nothing that might lead to a further reduction. The silver market during the week has given way somewhat. Speculation in London has not sprung up as was thought probable a little while ago; the Indian demand is exceptionally small for this time of the year, and it is evident that the accumulated stocks in New York are too large for the operators in silver.

THE Stock Exchange was greatly disturbed on Wednesday by a telegram from Buenos Ayres announcing that a decree was to be issued next day forbidding the National and Provincial Banks to pay depositors until June, and ordering an amalgamation of the two Banks. Amalgamation would certainly be wise; but to prohibit depositors from withdrawing their money may lead to very serious consequences. It must, as a matter of course, plunge the depositors into difficulties; for though they are offered internal bonds in exchange they may not be able to sell those bonds, and the bonds themselves are useless in paying debts. Naturally, therefore, a fear is entertained that the result of the decree may be fresh political disturbances. As a matter of course, all Argentine securities fell sharply on the news. On the other hand, the American market has been stronger during the week than it has been previously since November. Apparently the great operators in New York feel confident that they have control of the market, and can raise prices as they please. Undoubtedly, if their resources are as strong as is generally supposed, the market is in a favourable condition for manipulation. Speculation has almost ceased, the amount of stock unplaced in the market is unusually small, and therefore if the great operators in New York can induce the public to believe that there will be a great rise, those who have sold speculatively, not possessing what they have sold, may be obliged to buy at very much higher prices. At the same time it is to be recollected that while distrust continues in London and upon the Continent, speculation of the kind is very dangerous. In other markets there is very little going on, and brokers and dealers are loudly complaining that business is ruinously bad.



## THE VACANT LEADERSHIP.

MR. DISRAELI, in a familiar passage of the book which described a duke, as the German described a camel, from the internal consciousness of the author, indicated his august opinion that whereas the style of "Don Juan" was suitable to the House of Commons, the style of "Paradise Lost" was peculiarly adapted to the House of Lords. What the Nonconformist conscience would make of "The full, voluptuous, yet not o'ergrown bulk, The phantom of her frolic Grace FitzFulke," Mr. Stead only knows. Lord Granville's pleasant and conversational tone was as little like "Belial of arts more graceful and humane" as Moloch or the Devil himself. In Pandemonium, or the Long Parliament, speakers were not hampered by a fear of making the Prince of Wales late for dinner. When Lord Beaconsfield so far fulfilled his promise of "trying both," he was not observed to be especially Miltonic on the "bad eminence" to which he had raised himself. The successor to Lord Granville will have a difficult and a delicate task to perform; but it will not be complicated by any need for acquiring the diction of fallen angels, of our first parents, or even of a Puritan poet. The *Daily News* printed last Monday a list of Liberal peers, excluding Liberal Unionists falsely so called, and framed under the disadvantage caused by the absence of any official record. According to this amateur, and therefore perhaps not the less accurate, census, there are thirty-nine holders of hereditary peerages who have not bowed the knee to the contemporary Baal. We believe that the names of Lord Calthorpe and Lord Cork were accidentally omitted, raising the list to forty-one. Not a few of the Liberal peers are men of high position in the State, and certainly their intellectual average is a great deal higher than that of the Lords as a whole. Some of them—as, for instance Lord Spencer, Lord Rosebery, Lord Herschell, Lord Ripon, and Lord Kimberley—have discharged the highest functions with conspicuous ability and success. But, like the rest of the world, they want a representative and a mouthpiece. Lord Granville came to the post quietly and almost imperceptibly. He lived on intimate terms with Charles Greville, who was, indeed, an inmate of his house in Bruton Street. Yet that prince of diarists did not think it worth while to set down how in the month of February, 1855, Lord Granville introduced himself for the first time as leader of the Upper House. The times were stormy, and it was perhaps for that reason that so sudden an elevation passed completely unnoticed by so keen an observer of political details. The Coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen, called, with at least as much reason as its predecessor in 1806, the "Ministry of All the Talents," had been defeated by one of the largest majorities ever cast on a question of confidence. Lord Derby had failed to form a Cabinet, and Lord Palmerston had just become Prime Minister for the first time, at the age of seventy. Thirty years younger than himself, his President of the Council was destined to speak for the Liberal party in the House of Lords for a quarter of a century after Palmerston had been laid in his grave.

Lord Granville characteristically entered upon his new duties by deprecating his assumption of them. "I do feel it," he said, "to be something of an incongruity that I should be the mouthpiece of the Government, even as a matter of form, owing to the accidental precedence given me by the office I occupy. I can only say that I feel I should be acting unfairly towards myself, and certainly towards those able men within the Government, and out of the Government, sitting on this side of the House, and almost disrespectfully towards your lordships, if I

were to undertake this duty without being able to turn for support, advice, and guidance to that noble marquis whose pre-eminent qualities, as the leader of this House, have not only secured to him the devoted attachment of his own friends, but even during his life have become proverbial on every side of this Assembly." There is no Lord Lansdowne—we speak figuratively—now, and the Duke of Argyll, who would doubtless be prepared to assume the part of Mentor towards any Telemachus, separated himself from his former colleagues ten years ago. The business of finding a successor to the eminent and accomplished man whose death is the more lamented the more its effects are realised, belongs, of course, to the Liberal Peers alone. The Liberal party being in Opposition, there is no official precedence to determine the question; and though Mr. Gladstone's opinion would probably be decisive, he may not choose to give it. During Lord Granville's occasional absences from the House of Lords, his place has been taken by Lord Kimberley, a former Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Secretary for the Colonies, and Secretary for India. Lord Kimberley is a man of great ability, of remarkable readiness, and of many accomplishments, who has, for some reason or other, never fully impressed the public at large with the high opinion entertained of him by his friends and colleagues. Lord Spencer, Lord Rosebery, Lord Herschell, and Lord Ripon, are better known and appreciated in the country. In the House of Lords, Lord Herschell has attained a position almost unique, being a sort of legal adviser to the whole House, and regarded with more deference than the Lord Chancellor, even by the Tory Peers. But, like Naaman, he has one disqualification—he is a lawyer. Lord Rosebery is incomparably the best speaker of them all, thoroughly well able to hold his own, even with such a consummately dexterous debater as Lord Salisbury. In public and private character, for conscientious industry and administrative capacity, no man stands higher than Lord Spencer, and very few stand so high. He is not an orator. He is prone rather to exaggerate his defects, and to conceal his powers. But he has the inestimable gift of inspiring confidence, and he confronted, without boasting or flinching, dangers which Mr. Balfour's admirers have to invent before they can flatter him for disregarding them. It is possible that Lord Spencer may attain to even greater place than any he has yet occupied. Whatever fortune awaits him, he will be equal to it, and we shall expect to see him during the coming week taking the place so long and worthily filled by Lord Granville.

## THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

IT cannot be said that the Government have made much of a success out of the Labour Commission. That fateful Saturday when it was angrily decided to "dish" Lord Randolph Churchill on the one hand, and Mr. John Morley on the other, has already brought Ministers a whole crop of party troubles. A Royal Commission seems at first an admirable device for shelving inconvenient questions. But the morning brings uncomfortable reflections. Whom shall we appoint? What will it do? What will be the outcome of it?—these, and many other problems, banish our self-complacency. It becomes apparent that our vaunted Royal Commission is going to prove of very doubtful party advantage. Inconvenient evidence will be published far and wide by a horridly independent press. Pestilent agitators will get a chance of enshrining their disagreeable statements in a Blue Book, whence these will for ever

afterwards be quoted as facts, and be regarded even as endowed with an indubitable consecration of official authority. Some sort of report, too, the Commission will have to make, and we must at any rate pretend to accept its recommendations. And, after all, everyone will see that it is a mere election dodge. *Why can't you let it alone?*

So grumbled very promptly a large section of the Tory Party. But let the horrid thing alone is just what they can't now do. *Le vin est tiré, il faut le boire.* Some kind of Royal Commission they must have. There is, however, no need to be in a hurry about it. Choosing "trustworthy and well-beloved" Commissioners may easily become a lengthy affair. Nor is the vague discomfort of alarm confined entirely to one side of the House of Commons. It would be futile to ignore the fact that many in our own ranks are by no means disposed to welcome an inquiry opening up the difficult problems which are commonly lumped together as the "Labour Question." To throw suspicion upon the permanence and inevitability of that fundamental "nexus of cash payments" in which alone we believe, comes upon us as a kind of impiety. The economists may tell us that society cannot permanently exist with a systematic organisation of industry; we thought, however, that we could fairly expect from a Conservative Government that it should give peace in our time from such a disquieting reflection. The composition of the Commission, so far as it is yet known, will, we are sure, do much to allay these discomforts, and also to strengthen the not unpleasing suspicion that the whole thing is a "wooden nutmeg." The Marquis of Hartington is an admirable specimen of the English patrician statesman, but no one has yet accused him of any deep interest in the reorganisation of industry, or of any wide acquaintance with economic science. We do not remember that he ever even took the chair for the defunct Social Science Association, where nearly all our pseudo-Socialistic philanthropists graduated. Under his influence the Commission may be trusted to be, if not deep, just a trifle—dull.

We are glad to see two, at any rate, of the English delegates to the Berlin Labour Conference on the new body. Mr. David Dale is known all through the north, and wherever iron is king, not only as one of the ablest of our captains of industry, but also as the one above all others who has placed himself in intelligent sympathy with the hard-headed northern artisans. Sir John Gorst sits on the Commission with his teeth filed; but his knowledge, too, cannot fail to be of use, even if he is not allowed to go the full length of his somewhat confused "Labour Programme." The two representatives of the front Opposition Bench are not without special qualifications for their selection. Mr. Mundella's successive experiences as a factory hand, a small employer, a prosperous mill-owner, and an industrial capitalist of international ramifications, have long made him, like Mr. David Dale, a recognised arbitrator on Boards of Conciliation. His complicated Nottingham sliding-scales, with their two or three thousand scheduled rates of prices and wages, have brought "industrial peace" to many an artisan home. Mr. Fowler has a keen eye for an impracticable legislative proposal, and will keep Lord Hartington out of the pitfalls of amateur draughtsmanship. But when all these and the other Capitalist names are told, it cannot be said that the Commission is a strong team. It is to the names of the chosen "Labour members" that the world will turn with the greatest interest, although we are inclined to think that the presence of half a dozen genuine "horny-handed sons of toil" on one Royal Commission is more significant than who they are.

After all, the question of who are the best men to put on a Royal Commission depends on what you want that Royal Commission to do. Disagreeable questions as to the fundamental basis of the ownership of capital we don't want ripped up; so we exclude the leading Socialists, and cut out even Mr. John Burns, L.C.C. Not even the young economists of the Fabian Society will we admit to our counsels. We don't want Land Nationalisation brought in; hence we leave out Mr. Herbert Spencer on the one hand, and Mr. Michael Davitt on the other, even though the Irish Party nominate the latter courageous champion of the cause of the workers. Her Majesty does not feel able to call him her "trustworthy and well-beloved," who declines to regard Her Majesty as an indispensable part of the administrative machinery of the realm. The ages grow milder and milder. Algernon Sydney lost his head for this speculative heresy; Michael Davitt loses only the dubious honour of a seat on a bogus Royal Commission. But Councillor Henry Tait has professed no such dangerous doctrine. As a member of the Glasgow Town Council, the Secretary to the Scotch Railway Workers has acquired a good deal of administrative experience; but he has also picked up an official addition to his native caution, which somewhat disqualifies him from leadership. He will be a comparatively silent member of the Commission, and no one will expect much more from him than a fund of solid common sense. Ben Tillett is loved by all who know him, but even his best friends hardly call him a strong man. The best of the whole lot is "Tom" Mann, ex-engineer, and actual President of the Dockers' Union, a genuine labour prophet and bishop, if these two spiritual offices can ever be combined. Unfortunately, Mann lacks the administrative experience and iron tenacity which would have made John Burns too strong a member to suit the purposes for which alone the Commission is really intended. Mr. Henry Mawdsley is an Oldham man, who fairly represents the Lancashire "Conservative working man." He is an able trade union leader of the older type, owns shares in joint-stock cotton mills, and has just been elected an honorary member of the Constitutional Club "for services rendered to the party." There is no fear of his succumbing to the eight hours heresy.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the qualifications of the other members of the Commission. A due number of Conservatives had to be appointed to balance the Liberal and Labour representatives. The eminently respectable capitalists whom Mr. Smith has persuaded to serve will doubtless give the Commission that necessary freedom from originality or vigour which seems to be the accepted pattern of Royal Commission reports. One more volume of Parliamentary papers; one more denizen of the dusty limbo sacred to the barren issues of "Government by Commission." Whether it is worth going through so much to achieve so little, as the boy said when they taught him the alphabet, remains an open question.

We are sorry that neither Mr. John Morley nor Sir Lyon Playfair saw their way to accept seats on the Commission. As it stands, the Commission is weak both in its Free Trade economics and in that generous faith in a brighter time for the masses which distinguishes the biographer of Richard Cobden. Such as it is, however, we do not doubt that the Royal Commission may be made of use, if only adequate pains are taken by those who desire this result. If Lord Hartington will deign to adopt Tom Mann's suggestion, and divide the rather unwieldy body into four or five committees, all taking evidence simultaneously, we may still get a great many facts together before July. If the secretary is energetic



and allowed a free hand, he will get in a large number of useful answers to interrogations addressed to manufacturers and trade unions. If the Liberal members of the Commission will but bestir themselves, this half-hearted expedient of a moribund Administration may yet be made to serve a useful function in the solution of the great social problem, which this generation must accomplish or see much of its vaunted civilisation perish.

### LONDON'S BUDGET.

"**FESTINA LENTE**" is the motto of the Budget presented last Tuesday by Lord Lingen to the ratepayers of London. It is a prudent, able, and statesmanlike document, fairly up to the requirements of the situation, and by no means open to the charge of the Tory papers that it is a mere electioneering dodge. Want of clearness is its real fault, and that is Mr. Goschen's, not Lord Lingen's. The Chancellor of the Exchequer of to-day has a long finger in London finance, with the result—and it is distinctly a minor one—that he has needlessly confused and complicated his own Budget and that of every County Chancellor in England. It is indeed the maze which his own bad statesmanship has created which gives plausibility to the charge that the County Council has stopped a big leakage in expenditure with the spirit-soaked bung with which the Chancellor has, much against his will, provided it. That is totally untrue. In his plenteous dabbings in local finance Mr. Goschen has taken from the Council rather more than he has given it. His gift in probate, licence, and spirit duties, amounts to £503,192 in all. The outgoings which he has laid on it for the support of pauper lunatics, poor law schools, medical expenses, the grant in aid to guardians of fourpence per head for paupers, main roads, and the new item of the election expenses of the County Council itself, come to £508,962, leaving a balance to the bad of £5,770.

Putting Mr. Goschen aside and treating the Budget on its merits, we see at once a strenuous feat in economy, and a genuine vigilance for the public good which no London public body has ever exhibited. The only possible basis of comparison is between the Council and the Metropolitan Board in the short period for which it was free of the coal and wine dues. Taking the last quarter of 1889, the Metropolitan Board levied a rate of 10d. in the £. The County Council rate is 11½d.; but, without going into particulars, it is sufficient to say that the new charges transferred from the County Justices rate are more than equivalent to a rate of 2d. in the £. The Council's financial record, therefore, is of peculiar excellence. It has relieved London of a vicious indirect tax, which has probably been largely distributed as a very proper largesse between the miners and the metropolitan ratepayers. It has vastly improved the pay and position of its employees, and, as the most impressive report of the Contracts Committee shows, has introduced a new moral rule for the enforcement of municipal contracts. The abolition of sub-contracting and the payment of the trade rates have furnished an exemplary precedent for local bodies and the Queen's Government in the treatment of their workers. Nor is that all. The Council has largely expanded and improved the lungs of London. It has given the city-province more parks and open spaces, and a far better superintendence of them than it has ever enjoyed. It has notably increased the provision against fire. It has discharged entirely new

services in connection with electric lighting, with musical halls and theatres, and with the protection of Londoners, especially the small buyers, against fraudulent coal measures. Yet its normal expenditure shows a decrease, and while no breath has been breathed against the probity of any one of its members, it is governing London far better, and, on the whole, more cheaply, than its besmirched and discredited predecessor.

These are notable results, and they all appear in or may be read between the lines of the Budget presented last Tuesday. Nor can it be urged against the Council that it has been at all niggard in its care for the larger wants of its constituents. The Blackwall Tunnel and the Bethnal Green Improvement scheme and other enterprises are all in hand, and will involve a capital expenditure of some three millions. In particular, the housing of the poor, which probably demands the rebuilding of two hundred thousand houses, has been initiated on a generous scale, though unhappily, owing to the lamentable absence of a fabric of just law, on a totally unfair system of expenditure and distribution of public burdens. It is true, indeed, that here we touch on the weak point in County Council finance, and on the caution with which the last Budget of the first body has necessarily been drawn. It is not true to say, as some ill-informed critics have been saying, that the Council has stopped the improvement of London. A number of schemes—thirteen in all—were left it as legacies by the Metropolitan Board; but they were rejected on their merits, by the almost unanimous vote of the whole Council. On the other hand, it is quite true that the Council have ceased to add to the burden of the London ratepayer to the tune of about a million a year in capital expenditure on street improvements. And for an excellent reason. The Council has done its best to secure not only a fairer incidence of local taxation, but a proper distribution of the charges and benefits of public improvements. But its betterment scheme has been rejected; its plea for new sources of revenue has been treated with scorn. Why, then, should the majority decree their own extinction, and with it the hope of a sounder basis of London government, by plunging into vast plans, which, like the Thames Embankment and Victoria Street, will enrich the ground landlord beyond the dreams even of his avarice, while he escapes every tittle of charge? Already the London occupier pays between seven and eight millions in rates, and it is no wonder that he is armed at point against the smallest increment.

Incidentally the vigilance of the Council for London's good has thrown a flood of light on the sources of the growth of her forty millions of rental, which represents an hereditament worth at this hour about eight hundred millions sterling. The quinquennial valuation has shown an increase of a million and a half, which, if all the Council's appeals for a fresh increase were successful, would be further swollen by the sum of £800,000. About a million of this is sheer "unearned increment"—i.e., growth of the value of the land apart from the buildings—and implies a gift to the London landlord of twenty millions sterling, without any return on his part, without any labour, without any expenditure of skill or enterprise. All this vast body of social wealth lies beyond the reach of London's governors, who can only tap the pockets of the occupier—i.e., in the majority of cases, of the working members of the community. In this manner the productiveness of the penny rate has already grown to the extent of about £6,000, so that the total rate of 11½d. will bring in some £70,000 more than it yielded a year ago. The first Council therefore, like the good steward it has been, leaves London richer than it

found it, with no increment of public burden, though still suffering from scantiness in all the veins of social activity on one hand, and from a plethora of untouched wealth on the other.

#### THE MINERS' CONGRESS.

EUROPEAN statesmen cannot afford to disregard the gravity of the resolutions adopted by the International Congress of Miners. This Congress was at least as important as the diplomatic Conference on industrial problems at Berlin. The Emperor William set an excellent example to the Governments of Europe by recognising the magnitude of the labour question. The miners have taken up the tale, and intimated with much emphasis that the regulation of industry is of greater moment to European workmen than any of the matters which usually occupy diplomacy. Of the two Congresses, it must be allowed that the Paris gathering was distinctly the more impressive. Much has been said about the disorder of the meetings, and the difficulty of the members in arriving at intelligible propositions. A handful of anarchists in the public gallery made those demonstrations which are dear to a certain section of the French proletariat; and there were one or two speeches in the "Ercles vein" which is not confined to the rhetoricians of labour. But, in the main, the deliberations of the Congress were conducted with no little judgment, considering the difficulties of framing a common basis for so many national interests. Diplomats round a green table might have been more polished, but scarcely readier to reconcile conflicting claims. Besides, diplomacy always represents organised authority. Many of the delegates in Paris came from countries where free speech is not permitted, and where the difficulties of labour organisation are almost insuperable. It would have been miraculous if these men had at once grasped without experience the practical advantages of reasonable compromise. They represented a mass of suffering, and misery is not always as calm and collected as the superior intellect of classes who have nothing to fear. The deep and resonant note of the Paris Congress is that of sympathy with the weakest members of the industrial community. The delegates from England, strong in the authority of powerful trade unions, gave to the debates their most practical bent; but the profound significance of the Congress lies in the fact that all the delegates pledged themselves to the moral and material support of the Belgian miners, who are the least able to protect themselves. That scene in which the delegates with uplifted hands registered an oath to stand by their Belgian brethren cannot but appeal to the imagination of the world. It is a guarantee of the solidarity of labour which the Cabinets cannot ignore, and the cheers in the Bourse du Travail will have more troublesome echoes in the ears of statesmen than the roll of the threatening drum on the Austrian frontier.

It is possible that the hardships of the Belgian miners may drive them to extremities, especially as they are assured of monetary help from their comrades elsewhere. But it may be hoped that the experience of abortive strikes in other countries will not be lost upon them, for nothing is so bitter as the lesson of a pitched battle without organisation. This was enforced at the Congress by the English delegates, who, within the last few months, have witnessed only too many illustrations at home of the folly of premature campaigns. With equal wisdom they pointed out the imprudence of a much more momentous step, which commended itself to the prevailing sentiment in the Bourse du Travail.

The project of a general strike is certainly magnificent. It lends itself to the oratory of irresponsibility. An industrial Napoleon might marshal armies in every country in Europe to overthrow the capitalists, though the chances are that there would be not one but many Moscows. Such an enterprise partakes of the Louise Michel intelligence, rather than the shrewdness of hard-headed Yorkshiremen. One of the English representatives reminded the Congress that a general strike of miners in England alone would paralyse so many industries that eight millions of people would be deprived of employment. A scheme which would have such consequences is impossible in this country. English miners are not yet unanimous on the question of a legislative eight-hours day, and they would certainly not agree to unbinge the whole of our commerce. Nor would the unanimity which is unattainable here be established on the Continent, where the multiplicity of local interests could scarcely be harmonised for so tremendous a struggle. But the growth of a formidable combination is deliberately threatened by the resolution of the Congress, that a general and international strike may become necessary to obtain an eight-hours' day, unless the Governments agree to an international convention. This means, no doubt, an indefinite postponement of a colossal conflict. But it would be injudicious for diplomatists to assume that the resolution is mere *brutum fulmen*, which may be safely left unheeded. The question of State regulation of the hours of labour was not discussed at Berlin, because the British Government would not entertain it even for the sake of argument. But if it is resolutely pressed by a Miners' Federation, gathering increasing volume every year, and raising ample funds for the sustenance of local strikes on a growing scale, we may see some development of the Berlin Congress.

In any case it is inconceivable that the academic suggestions of that body can represent the last word of statesmanship. The excellent intentions of the Emperor William have not led to any very definite action, but they have given an incalculable stimulus to the activity of labour organisation. This is what Prince Bismarck foresaw when he set his face against the Emperor's projects. The international federation of industry means the formation of a force which will certainly not co-operate with absolutism. Everyone who dreads the solidarity of labour for political reasons regarded the Berlin Congress with grave misgiving. It may be impossible to quench national jealousies by deliberations in the Bourse du Travail. The Parliament of man and the federation of the world may be as Utopian as you please. But if the workmen of different countries acquire the habit of discussing their common interests together, and of striving to establish a common plan of action, the natural tendency of this policy must exercise a very considerable influence on statecraft. English miners who subscribe their money to aid their Belgian brethren, and whose independence is a powerful incentive to the democratic zeal of German workmen, will inevitably help the movement for political emancipation on the Continent. It was the gold of Pitt which consolidated the alliance of the European monarchies against the revolutionary energy of France. It may be the gold of English trade unions which shall consolidate another alliance of a very different nature and with quite another purpose. How far this consideration will prompt the European Governments towards international conventions for economic legislation it is impossible to predict, but there can be no manner of doubt that the industrial upheaval is destined to recast more than one political system.



## ON GREEN BENCHES.

THE vesture of decay is round the House of Commons, and revival is out of the question. Attendances all this Session have been scandalously thin; since Easter they have been simply ghostly. On Tuesday not a single Conservative member appeared at the evening sitting; and amid huge merriment a rejoicing band of Liberals carried half a dozen orders of the day, including the still-vext Rating of Machinery Bill, in as many minutes, and triumphantly adjourned the sitting at six minutes past nine. On Wednesday afternoon the Speaker, returning from his chop, found the House completely deserted—not a member in attendance, although the subject was a popular one and the debate had been lively. The humours of Mr. Labouchere and Sir George Campbell light these spectral assemblies in vain; the Whips hunt up a House as they would a Snark. To the Ministry, of course, this temper makes for quiet haymaking. Mr. Ritchie has the unconscious adroitness of sheer commonplace; and he again scores with a useful amendment of the sanitary laws of London, coupled with a large codifying Bill. The first of the two measures is astonishingly out of date in some of its provisions, and far below the level of London's needs in others; but it is workmanlike and fairly progressive, like most of the Bills for which this steady and sober administrator and tactful, though dull, speaker is responsible.

Sir William Harcourt comes as a boon and a blessing to a House smit with this languorous mood. His speech on Wednesday was more than amusing. The Conservative county member, like Mr. Smith, is too frequently "on the pounce." Five years of Conservative Government offer useful opportunities of wiping out Liberal legislation, and Colonel Dawnay's proposal to establish a close time for hares is an instance which shows that the landlord interest is just as vigilant in small matters affecting its pleasures as it is in its larger taxable interests, in which it has found a useful, because a carefully disguised, ally in Mr. Goschen. Against this Sir William Harcourt was, properly, in arms: The Bill of 1880 is his. Moreover, he is a country authority himself, a Damon of the garden as opposed to the Melibæus of the field and farm. Melibæus has his turnips, the Damon of the New Forest his carnations: to both the hare is an enemy. Whereat a pretty mixture of satire and argument. Lord Granville used to do these things admirably; Sir William Harcourt, though his touch is hardly so light, does not fall far behind.

There was a more strenuous and familiar note in the opening debate in Committee on the Land Purchase Bill. The House was full, its mood again combative and intent. Mr. Fowler found a blot in the preliminary proposal to make the judges of the Land Court, which is to administer this Act, and which is to-day a Tory-packed Land Commission, irremovable, with their salaries placed on the Consolidated Fund, and money beyond the control of Parliament. The Irish benches were well occupied, and Mr. Healy, looking only a trifle sallow than usual, jumped at once into his old position of the remorseless critic of English administration in Ireland. His speech was a brilliant and caustic essay on Mr. Balfour's men and methods, relieved with miniature etchings of men like Mr. Wrench, bitten deep after Mr. Healy's manner. He touched upon a piece of blundering in the conduct of the two Land Purchase Bills, and altogether was the old delightful "Tim." Mr. Parnell, coming in while this revival of militant Nationalism was going on, looked a singularly forlorn and unimpressive figure. He was absolutely alone. The men around him were the ablest lieutenants of his old party—who had prompted him with points, fed him with arguments, given significance, and at times a sinister strength, to his rare interpositions in debate. Having lost them, Mr. Parnell

has lost his critical hold on the House. He soon crept out, as unnoticed as at his appearance on the scene where his carefully prepared entrances and exits in the old days rarely failed of the designed effect. Mr. Balfour did not score. He had given early in the debate a curt and inadequate answer to Mr. Fowler's plea for putting a handful of Irish Tory hacks, land agents, and lawyers under the eye of Parliament. Presently it appeared that T. W. Russellism was in revolt. Mr. Russell himself snappishly criticised the Government, and was supported by Mr. Lea and Mr. Sinclair. The Irish Secretary made no sign—a rather fatuous doggedness being nowadays a Balfourian tradition—and had the Unionists voted together it might have gone hard with him.

## CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE quiet which has marked the past week in Western Europe has been disturbed by serious threatenings of danger in the East. Explosions seem to be in preparation everywhere; though some have occurred prematurely. On Monday, according to the *Daily Telegraph*—though no confirmation of the report has yet appeared—a daring attempt, seemingly expected by the police, and characterised by that absolute disregard of personal danger which marks all Nihilist enterprises, was made upon the life of the Czar at a review in the riding school at St. Petersburg. The intending assassin was, however, arrested before the proceedings began. Alarming rumours of the movement of large bodies of Russian troops towards the Austro-Hungarian frontier come from Galicia and the Bukowina, and from Southern Russia. The assassins of M. Beltscheff are not caught yet, but it seems to be ascertained that they are Macedonian Slavs, and that the murder is the outcome of a Pan Slavist plot. Roumania and Serbia are said to be full of Pan Slavist refugees from Bulgaria, and circumstantial details are given as to their organisation under Major Bendereff—in whose behalf, it is fair to add, an *alibi* is set up; the Servian legation in Sofia is said to be carefully watched by the police; and the silly insinuation of a Russian paper that M. Stambouloff has gained so much by the murder that he may be suspected of having instigated it himself, will hardly be accepted by anyone but a Pan Slavist. Prince Ferdinand's five years' tenure of the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia expired on Monday—which would alone be an excellent reason for a Slav conspiracy; and in Greece the charge against M. Tricoupis is to be left to hang over his head till October, when the committee to whom the question of his impeachment is to be referred will be nominated on the meeting of the Chamber after its vacation. Now, as M. Tricoupis represents, on the whole, the force in Greek politics which makes for the maintenance of peace, this must necessarily hamper any efforts he may make to restrain the warlike impulses of the Greek Cabinet and their Nationalist supporters. Most ferocious articles against Turkey have recently appeared in the *Ethnikè* of Athens, which represents the party to whose efforts M. Tricoupis' overthrow is chiefly due. And it was Prince Ferdinand's appointment to the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia, five years ago, that caused the Greek preparations of 1886, which were only checked by the intervention of the Powers. It is far from improbable that Greece may make some move now. In this connection it may be noticed that elections were to take place in Crete last Sunday week, but that the population is reported to have abstained *en masse*.

To come nearer home, there is every prospect of serious trouble in Belgium. The Congress of the Belgian Labour Party, which has just met in Brussels, has empowered its executive to postpone a decision upon the general strike until after the Chamber has discussed the Budget, *i.e.*, to about the

middle of May. If revision is not then undertaken, or if it stops short of universal suffrage, the strike will be proclaimed. The Belgian public is said to be grateful for the postponement; but the assurances of aid received from the Miners' Congress at Paris, which is dealt with in another column, are enough to indicate that the strike may be a very serious matter. But a considerable fund for its support has also been collected in Belgium. It is said that the distributive co-operative societies have been for some months holding back their profits from their members to add them to the strike fund, and when this is exhausted it is hardly likely the strikers will go back peaceably to their work. The country is too much divided on the question of Revision to make it likely that any scheme will succeed. The Radicals and Socialists insist on universal suffrage; one section of the Clericals opposes revision altogether; and the rest of these, and the Moderate Liberals are divided as to whether the extension of the franchise shall be based on an educational or a property qualification, on payment of a certain amount of taxes, or simply, as with us, on occupation. The Government is understood to favour the latter view. It showed by calling out the reserves in January, that it was quite ready to resort to force; and the reserves indicated that they were not to be depended on. And seeing that they are drawn from the artisans and miners, how could the case be otherwise? Altogether, the outlook for six or eight weeks hence is anything but encouraging.

The Austrian Reichsrath will meet as these lines go to press, and the Speech from the Throne is to be delivered, on the afternoon of Saturday, by the Emperor in person. The negotiations between Count Taaffe and the Liberals are said to have been broken off again, and his main support will consist in the Poles and the Hohenwart group of Conservatives; but there is also a prospect of the reconstitution of the old Right; while his chief opponents will be the young Czechs, who propose to agitate for universal suffrage and fiscal reform, and will issue a manifesto announcing their hostility to the Government. Stormy debates may be expected early next week. Count Taaffe's programme seems to be wholly economic—embracing the purchase of two railways, the subsidising of two steamship companies, and some reform of taxation. The Speech from the Throne is understood to be the work of the new Minister of Finance, Dr. Emil Steinbach, a new and valuable recruit to political life from the ranks of the bureaucracy. The anti-Semites have followed up their victories in the Parliamentary elections by the gain of a number of seats in the Municipal Council of Vienna—where, however, the Liberals still retain the majority.

From France there is little to chronicle. The Congresses of last week have been followed up by one of Catholics, of which no report has reached us. The Comte d'Haussonville, nephew of the Duc de Broglie, has been definitely appointed leader of the Monarchist party in succession to M. Bocher. He is not a member of either Chamber, and it is not very clear what he can do. He proposes to address a series of meetings in the large towns, so as to rally and reorganise the party; but his position as president of the Alsace-Lorraine Protection Society renders it necessary for him to keep on good terms with the Republicans, and his policy can hardly be very militant just now. Prince Napoleon's will—the political part of which, however, was not read to his family when they assembled on Monday at Nyon, near Geneva—is said to speak in severe terms of Prince Victor, the Bonapartist pretender, as a traitor and a rebel, whom it formally prohibits from attending his father's funeral. But Prince Victor and his elder brother Prince Louis are perfectly in accord; and the latter proposes to share the property left to him with the former; while his ambitions turn to his military career in the Russian army rather than to the Napoleonic succession. The departmental councils have been in session, but the abstract resolutions on such questions as the tariff and

the labour programme are the only items of general interest. A new semi-military religious order, whose object it is to civilise the Sahara and rescue and protect fugitive slaves, has been inaugurated by Cardinal Lavigerie at Biskra, in Algeria. The census will be taken on Sunday.

In Italy meetings of the unemployed have been held—notably at Rome and Florence—which have passed off without disorder, but have excited considerable apprehension on the part of the Government, which is taking steps to check the preparations for a demonstration on May 1. It is stated that Signor Crispi's Government had drawn in advance upon the Budget of the present year, both for African expenses and for the maintenance of the Italian schools abroad; and that his impeachment is contemplated by the Extreme Left. The Commission on the African scandals left for Massowah on Friday, and will return in June—when also Cagnassi's trial will take place. Livraghi is not yet surrendered by the Swiss Government. Menotti Garibaldi, who has just returned from a visit to Massowah, gives a most unfavourable report of the colony. An interesting trial of one hundred and seventy-six members of a secret society has just commenced at Bari.

The Swiss Government has arranged for the purchase of a considerable interest in the Swiss Central Railway, and may probably purchase the whole. The Federal Commissioner, Colonel Künzli, has been withdrawn from Ticino at his own request, and the new Constitution will probably be accepted by the Federal Government. The demand for its revision, however, has already received nine thousand signatures. The sixth centenary of the foundation of the Swiss Confederation will be celebrated on August 1st in every commune. The chief commemoration, however, will take place in Schwyz. Throughout Switzerland beacon fires and the sound of church-bells are to mark the eve of the day.

The German Reichstag and the Prussian Parliament met on Tuesday after their vacation: the former to resume consideration of the new Factory Bill; while the treaty of commerce with Austria, now, it is said, nearly settled, will come before it later on. The latter, it is officially announced, will next year have a Bill dealing with the Guelph funds submitted to it by the Government. But an interpellation this session may throw some light on them. There seems no doubt that the revelations touching Herr von Bötticher are due to Prince Bismarck.

The election to the Reichstag, in which he is a candidate, will take place on the 15th. He has an efficient agent, the voters are mostly comfortable *bourgeois*, and his return is confidently expected.

The Spanish Cortes have met, and are to be busy with Protectionist measures and with labour legislation on the lines laid down by the Berlin Conference. The deficit on the Budget is stated to be 60,000,000 pesetas, or £2,400,000. For the last six years it has varied from 36,000,000 to 171,000,000 pesetas. To overtake arrears, the Bank of Spain will lend the Government 150 millions without interest for thirty years, in return for extended privileges of note issue. The deficit is ascribed to extraordinary expenditure, and it is hoped will soon disappear.

The Oporto insurgents have had their sentences confirmed by the Supreme Court at Lisbon.

The negotiations for partial reciprocity between Canada and the United States have suddenly been interrupted, owing, it is said, to the personal intervention of President Harrison. So the main plank in Sir John Macdonald's platform has collapsed.

A detachment of soldiers has been sent to France by President Balmaceda to take formal charge of the two new Chilean cruisers just completed at Havre and Toulon. They reached Europe *via* the Andes and Buenos Ayres. The President's cause seems to be successful in the South; the insurgents hold the North, and the loss of life and property, especially about Valparaiso, is said to have been much exaggerated. But it is difficult to know what to believe.



## ITALY AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE difficulty which has arisen between the United States and the Kingdom of Italy about the wretched lynching business at New Orleans starts several questions of importance, some of which might not be thought of at first sight. They are questions which arise out of the constitution of the United States as a federal body, and it is possible that they may lead to graver consequences than are likely to follow directly from the dispute between the two powers concerned. Here in Great Britain it is hardly needful to enlarge on the crime of the lynchers or on the weakness of the State Government if such a crime is allowed to go unpunished. We need no proof that any guilt on the part of the acquitted persons, any guilt on the part of the jury who acquitted them, is no defence of such direct flying in the face of the law itself. All this we take for granted. What we have now to look to are the questions which arise as to the competency and the duty of the Federal Government of the United States to take any action in the matter, and what effect some lines of action, if taken, are likely to have on things in the United States themselves.

The case, as it has struck many in this country, as it has struck most perhaps of those who have really thought about the matter, as distinguished from merely talking, is something like this. A wrong has been done to Italian subjects in one of the States of the American Union, for which wrong the Italian Government seeks redress. If the wrong had been done in England or France there would be no difficulty. The Italian Government would apply to the British or French Government, and the British or French Government would do what it could. No Government can promise a conviction beforehand; but the Government may do its own part by arresting the persons whose action is complained of and bringing them to trial. In the present case this course is made impossible by the action of the American Federal Union. The Italian Government can apply only to the Federal Government of the United States, and the Federal Government can do nothing in the matter. The United States, as such, have done Italy no wrong; the wrong is done by the State of Louisiana. But Italy has no means of getting at the State of Louisiana, and the United States have no means of satisfying the claim of Italy by doing anything to the State of Louisiana. Italy cannot demand any redress from that State, because no State can have any dealings with foreign powers. And the United States cannot give Italy any redress because the matter is one of criminal justice within a particular State, and with the administration of criminal justice within a particular State the Federal Constitution gives the United States no power to interfere.

Starting from this position, the *Spectator* of April 4th argued, fairly enough but in a somewhat heavy style, that there is a defect in the Federal Constitution of the United States. There ought to be a power in the Federal authority to do justice in cases where the State authority cannot or will not do it. This is specially needful in cases which touch foreigners; then it becomes "the world's concern." The fault is not inherent in the nature of a federation; it is something special to the federal system of the United States. There are other federations in which the difficulty does not occur. The argument is sound enough; only it is confused by talking of "the Council of Bern" as doing this and that, when the Federal Council of Switzerland, which is meant, is sitting at Bern. Some readers may be apt to fancy that the Canton of Bern has, like Thebes and Prussia, some superiority over other cantons.

It is somewhat singular to find, in the *Times* of April 3rd, this same argument put into the mouth of Mr. Blaine in a leading article, while there is nothing like it in Mr. Blaine's own letter printed in the same number. In the leading article both Mr. Blaine and "the Italian Government" are made—in inverted

commas—to talk in a very grand style. "The Italian Government says to the Government of Washington, 'Punish these murderers, as we should punish a like outbreak in Sicily or Sardinia.'" In the Baron di Fava's letter, printed in another part of the same paper, there is no flourish about Sicily or Sardinia, but only a tame reference to "the protection which has always been extended to American citizens in Italian territory." The Italian Minister has doubtless far too much sense to use words which might suggest to Sicily or Sardinia thoughts of Federation, Home Rule, or what not. Mr. Blaine, in the leading article, answers in the same strain: "Sicily and Sardinia are under your direct jurisdiction. New Orleans is not under ours." "We have a written Constitution;" "it is for Louisiana to act, not for us," and a great deal more. To these flights of rhetoric there is nothing said in Mr. Blaine's letter that answers beyond the casual remarks: "Even if the national Government had entire jurisdiction over the alleged murderers," and "the State of Louisiana, under whose immediate jurisdiction the crime was committed." That is the only time that the word "Louisiana" is found in Mr. Blaine's letter, and the words "Sicily and Sardinia" are not found at all.

The truth is that in Mr. Blaine's letter the question of Federal and State authority is kept as far as possible out of sight. He insists on a point on which no answer can be made to him. The Italian Minister asks for two things: (1) An official assurance that the guilty parties should be brought to justice; and (2) the recognition in principle that an indemnity is due to the relatives of the victims." Mr. Blaine remarks that this is different from a telegram sent by the Italian Prime Minister, which talked of "Italy's right to demand and obtain punishment." But he supposes that the demand is the same in the two forms. Mr. Blaine is on firm ground when he answers that neither the Federal Government nor the State of Louisiana, nor the Government of any country that has judges and juries, can promise conviction and punishment beforehand. The "principle of indemnity" "to those who may have been wronged" Mr. Blaine admits. For that, beyond all doubt, Congress can grant; and Mr. Blaine can, if he pleases, advise the President to recommend such a course to Congress.

The whole argument which Mr. Blaine thus throws into the background, but which the *Times* makes him insist on much more strongly and on which many others have insisted, implies two assumptions. The first is that the State of Louisiana will do nothing; the other is that the Federal Government can do nothing. It might perhaps be well to be more sure than most of us can be on both points. The Attorney-General of Louisiana has more than once shown a willingness to do something. Very likely nothing may come of this; but it is perhaps too soon to take it for granted. On the other hand, the letter of Mr. Hurlbert in the *Times* of April 7th, suggests the possibility that the Federal Government may after all have greater power in the matter than most people have thought. Mr. Hurlbert is surprised that both Baron di Fava and the Italian Prime Minister have failed to see that the case is actually provided for in the Federal Constitution. That Mr. Blaine should not have pointed out the fact to Baron di Fava Mr. Hurlbert is, on other grounds, not surprised. Mr. Hurlbert argues that the case comes under the powers granted to the Supreme Court of the United States in the second section of the third article of the Federal Constitution. By that article the Supreme Court has jurisdiction "in all cases between a State or the citizens thereof and foreign States, citizens, and subjects." I am not a Federal lawyer nor an international lawyer, and I will not risk any opinion on the matter. But Mr. Hurlbert's point surely is, at least, what lawyers used to call "considerable."

On the other hand, a statement in the *Times* of

April 4th suggests a practical point, which is also very "considerable" indeed. There is there a mysterious utterance, seemingly the result of a process of interviewing, which is said to come from a "high official of the State Department" at Washington, "who desires that his name should not be published." The high official holds that the danger lies not with Italy, but with the Union itself. He points out what, whether likely or not, is certainly possible, that sleeping lions may be awakened, and the old question about State rights, the old jealousy between North and South may be stirred again. As to the letter of the Constitution, the high official seems to hold with the common view, not with that of Mr. Hurlbert. At least he says: "Here we are brought face to face with the defect in our Constitution which gives absolute independence to State Governments in State matters." But he goes on to express his own belief that the action of the Federal Government is likely to be action not wholly in accordance with his doctrine. The Cabinet, he says, holds that "where State matters imperil the relations of the Confederation with foreign Powers, then the Federal Government, which is held responsible for the acts of individual States, has a federal authority even to the extent of interfering with so-called State rights." Such a case is "the lynching of Italian subjects, if clearly proved." The President and his Cabinet are said to hold that such an act is "an offence against the Federal as well as the State Government, inasmuch as it was in defiance of the treaties securing protection to foreign residents." But the high official does not expect the States to take the same view, and he looks on a conflict between State and Federal authorities as "imminent." "The bitter feeling," he adds, "between the North and the South has never died out, and this affair has done more to blow its dying embers into a flame again than any incident since the war." The same day that this is telegraphed from Washington, a correspondent telegraphs from New Orleans that "there is but one opinion here—that the State authorities must oppose to the very last the slightest infringement upon their sovereign rights."

These reports must be taken for what they are worth; if trustworthy, they are serious indeed. They bring the matter within the range of graver thoughts than any curious speculations as to the exact extent of Federal and State powers in a Federal body. It would seem to rest with the State of Louisiana to satisfy all demands by simply doing its duty. Then it may be possible to consider calmly whether Mr. Hurlbert's reading of the Federal Constitution is a true one, or whether a Constitutional amendment is needed to hinder such difficulties from coming again. That would be an interesting subject of debate not only for lawyers, but for students of institutions. But, if the telegrams which reach the *Times* from Washington and New Orleans are to be trusted, the matter may be at the moment too serious for mere speculation.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

### WILL ITALY AND THE UNITED STATES FIGHT?

(BY AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.)

THE difficulty of governing according to the principles of civil liberty increases enormously when applied to other than English, or at least Germanic communities. The chronicles of a New-England town from the times of Charles the First to our day are as normally reflective of a rational appreciation of liberty as that of Suffolk or Middlesex in England. The State of Louisiana in general, and the City of New Orleans in particular, are not the outgrowth of Anglo-Saxon life, were not participants in the experiences of the original thirteen Colonies, and are to-day more like a transplantation from the Mediterranean than a section of the United

States. The negroes on the plantations talk French; the Carnival is the only political institution that unites all classes of the population in the defence of their rights; the city is a periodic prey to cholera because of a chronic condition of dirtiness; and this of course is intimately allied with bad municipal administration, which in its turn is the result of ignorance and indifference amongst the creoles.

The condition of Quebec in Canada is better than New Orleans only because it is in a colder climate, and in a more healthy situation. Both are handicapped by a very large incubus of people whose blood is Latin, and whose traditions are those of unresisting obedience either to a priest or a soldier.

Louisiana, at the mouth of the Mississippi, attracted the eyes of Louis XIV. not long after the Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed from Falmouth, dropped anchor in Massachusetts Bay. For nearly a century and a half France controlled the country, as she did Canada; her long reign being interrupted only by forty years of Spanish dominion, which—let us say parenthetically—did little to prepare the colony for self-government, or liberty of any kind.

But as though it was not enough that French and Spaniards should have had the stamping of the popular habits, on top of it all came the curse of negro slavery; for the planters quickly saw the profit to be made from this form of labour, and bought from the slave-dealers the human creatures whose descendants are to-day assisting in framing the laws of the country.

In 1861, when the slave rebellion commenced, no firmer allies of the Confederacy could be found than the creole planters of Louisiana, and when the war closed in 1865 with the liberation of all slaves, no city showed less capacity to manage its own affairs than New Orleans.

The Italians have recently drifted towards the mouth of the Mississippi, partly because they found there a climate like that of Naples; partly because they found there the same race and religion, if not exactly the same language, that they were leaving behind them. They have come to swell the numbers of a community already surfeited with such people, and have brought the Mafia to a soil already well prepared for its reception.

There is no apology to offer, in law, for raising a mob and placing Judge Lynch in the place of the usual tribunal of civilised communities. As a barrister, we must pronounce it outrageous; but, as a man, we cannot hesitate to whisper to you in confidence that we should have taken the greatest possible pleasure in assisting to a better land the people who were practising the rites of an Italian secret society whose leading article is assassination.

Italy now declares she must have blood for the insult offered by a Louisiana mob. As has been already pointed out in these columns, there is little else she can demand, under the circumstances. The Constitution proposed for Australia, if adopted, would place England in exactly the same position as the United States, should the same contingency arise in her antipodean colony. The American position, in theory, is untenable—absurd, even. But it is the only one which the Government can occupy. The President and his Cabinet cannot make a new Constitution for the sake of manifesting affection for the land of Mazzini and Garibaldi. The United States Government would not venture to send a company of troops into Louisiana on any errand violating the spirit of the Constitution.

It can say to Italy—

"We regret exceedingly that our Constitution does not suit your requirements in this case—we may say, your just requirements. We think New Orleans deserves punishment for her naughtiness, but unfortunately we are legally restrained from administering it. However, we shall be glad to see someone bring the city to its senses, and you are welcome to try it."

The State of Louisiana hereupon would probably make a great outcry to Washington, ask the



assistance of the Navy and Army, insist upon protection. The President and Cabinet hereupon might very coolly observe that they need expect no help until they had themselves offered the most complete apologies to Italy for what had happened.

I do not for a moment dream that Blaine will do anything of the kind. On the contrary, nothing would suit his party, the party of high protective duties, so well as a war with Italy. The Treasury is groaning with millions which have been taken from the pockets of tax-payers without good cause; the utmost extravagance of the present House of Congress has not been able to squander it as yet, although it must be confessed that its members worked very hard with this purpose in view. The result of the last elections showed unmistakably that the so-called McKinley Bill is unpopular, and that the next session will see a strong effort made to bring the country nearer to Free Trade.

Blaine is a soldier of fortune, in so far as, outside of politics, he does not appear to have any visible means of support. None of his party honour him as a shining light in the Sunday-school, but his enemies agree that he is the ablest mind of the Protectionist party. This party is united for Blaine. They have not the popular majority to-day, but they have unity of purpose; have large money interests at stake, and are prepared to spend a great deal rather than lose all. Blaine must therefore revive his popularity before November of 1892, when the next President is to be elected; and the question has been a vexing one ever since the outcry against the McKinley Bill.

Italy steps into the domestic row just at the right time for Blaine. The national Jingo spirit will be roused; the South in particular will sympathise with the party of war; the Protectionists will soon get rid of the Treasury surplus by placing orders for torpedo boats and big guns; every manufacturer in the country will be delighted to think that "the good old war times" are back again when prices seemed high. Blaine will become inevitably the strongest man in the country, and Protection will acquire another lease of life, to the huge delight of the Republican party.

#### OUR EDITORS.

THE *World* has begun a series of papers which have at least a certain element of novelty about them. They consist of sketches of the "City Editors" of the chief London dailies, and their purpose is to show the investing public who are the men whose advice they habitually follow in regulating their financial operations. The idea is an excellent one; but why should it not be carried a little further? The functions of the City Editor are no doubt important; but they cannot be regarded as being equal in importance to those of the actual Chief Editors of our leading newspapers. These men are generally regarded as holding a position of power hardly inferior to that of a statesman of the first class—ininitely superior to that of the average politician with whose name the general public is familiar. They help to fashion public opinion; they exercise a real and direct influence upon most of the affairs connected with the daily life of the community; within certain limits they make and unmake reputations. Yet they themselves are unknown to the world at large. Even in these days of personal journalism, it is seldom indeed that one sees the name of any one of them in print; and, except within a very limited circle, there is no one who can tell us not only who they are, but what they are—what they have done in literature or politics, what are the special qualifications they possess for the discharge of the grave and responsible duties entrusted to them. There are, of course, editors and editors. We are not speaking here of the gentlemen who advertise themselves in their own journals as "sole responsible editors," and

who thrust their personality, be it big or little, persistently upon the public. Nor are we speaking of an editor like Mr. Labouchere, for example, who boldly drops the editorial "we," and, speaking in his own name alone, succeeds by the force of his own character in impressing his individuality upon his readers. The public needs very little information about editors of this class. What it wants to know is the truth about the men who direct the great organs of opinion in England, but who are to all practical purposes unknown to the outer world.

As a rule, it is only when they die that the British public gets to know anything about these men. There were thousands of readers of the *Times* who had never seen or heard the name of Mr. Delane until they read the by no means extravagant obituary notice which appeared in the journal he had so long controlled. He himself made it a rule never to allow his name to appear in the *Times*. There was, however, a little sign by means of which he made his own movements known to the initiated. When there appeared in the *Times* a list of the guests entertained at dinner on the previous night by the Marquis of Carrabas, or of the distinguished house party of the Duke of Omnium at Gatherum Castle, Delane's friends looked to see if the list of notabilities ended with the innocent little word "etc." If it did they knew that the editor had himself been one of the party. The "etc." never appeared except when Delane's name should have figured in the list. Editorial modesty has surely never been carried further. Of "great editors" of a bygone generation much might be said, and yet how little actually is said. Delane's life is still to be written, and until the British public has it in its hands how can it understand the secret of the influence he wielded so long in the political life of this country? Alexander Russel, of the *Scotsman*, did more to change the prevailing tone of thought in politics and religion among his fellow-countrymen than almost any other man of his time. And yet all that remains to us of that prince of journalists is the fast-fading memory of a jovial figure, a bluff manner, and an admirable humour. Who is there left who can now tell us anything about Rintoul and Fonblanque, the journalistic heroes of a bygone generation? It is only in the pages of "Pendennis" that we get a glimpse of Dr. Maginn; nobody younger than Mr. Gladstone can tell us stories about Lockhart, "the handsomest man," according to the testimony of the Liberal leader, who ever filled the editorial chair. Even Douglas Cooke is already forgotten, and Mr. Chenery is as though he had never been. Yet these men were more powerful than most of the statesmen who strutted on the public stage whilst they were wielding their editorial sceptres; and it is a distinct loss to us that whilst we know everything about the second-rate Ministers and diplomatists and soldiers of the last fifty years, we know nothing, or next to nothing, of those in whose hands these pretentious personages were little more than puppets.

Of course, if modern journalism were really anonymous, if the editor were as mysterious a personage as the Man in the Iron Mask, there might be some reason for withholding from us a knowledge of the characters, qualities, and capacities of our present political leaders. But this, we need hardly say, is not the case. Every young journalist who knows the stones of Fleet Street could rattle off the names of all the editors in London. For these editors of ours are by no means recluses. Most of them dine out freely during the season. You may find those who are of any importance at the Athenæum, the Reform, or the Carlton, on almost any afternoon in the week; and their position is no secret to the other members of those clubs. Nay, there is hardly an editor in London who is not personally accessible to anyone who has a legitimate claim upon his attention. There is not one of them, for instance, who in the course of the year is not interviewed by scores of young men anxious to make their way in journalism

of

They are not, therefore, anonymous potentates. But the fact remains that the outside world knows nothing about them, and cannot form any sound opinion as to their personal trustworthiness as political guides. Vaguely the public may know that one editor has been a Fellow of All Souls; that another was the trusted friend of Harriet Martineau and many another bygone worthy; that a third has inherited his brilliant editorial gifts from a father who in his day was a chief in the world of journalism, and so forth and so forth. But this is hardly enough to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of those who are bidden to trust these men, to take their word upon matters of the highest moment in the national affairs, and to follow them in the great crises in the country's fate. Let us, therefore, have by all means a continuation of the articles in the *World* telling us something about those who aspire to lead us, not in matters of finance alone, but in those higher things upon which the fate of the nation and the welfare of society so largely depend. Surely it is of as much importance that "our editors" should be known to the public as that we should be drenched with details of the history of every third-rate actor or singer.

### BARNUM.

BARNUM is gone at last, and the world seems the poorer for it. He is secure of immortality: he has added a noun to the French language, so chary of its hospitality to words of foreign growth. *C'est un barnum*—and the barnum with a small b. He is one—the humbug—variety of the human fraud as Tartuffe is another. He improved on the older model, for he was a humbug who owned up. It is the sole difference between him and most of the thousands who take the lead with applause in every department of life. Barnum's motto might have been the Yankee locution—"Do tell." He told. He was like that conscientious actor who, at the end of every public performance, always took off his wig and his false nose. But for the showman himself we might never have known that his Washington's nurse never saw George Washington, and that his woolly horse was simply a horse in a greatecoat. He was obliged to own that his elephants were real; but there was a fate in the imposture of their reality, for they all came to untimely ends. And it must be said, in justice to him, that the white elephant was only whitey-brown. The mermaid atoned for it: she was all monkey and red-herring. Tom Thumb was simply another "wondrous boy."

No gallery of nineteenth-century portraits will be complete without him. He cherished more persistently than the rest of us our most persistent aim. He lived to make money, and he said so. He did not say it without a blush, because his consciousness of an exalted purpose always brought a glow to his cheek. "Make money" was his message. He lectured about it—to make more money. He gave the maxim away, as a sort of moral elixir, to the needy who could not afford to pay at the doors. He was the first of the vulgar rich. He lived in the vilest house in all Connecticut. The house was specially designed as an advertisement. You could not miss it as you passed. It was an advertisement within and without. His weekly drive to church was an advertisement, and so was his daily trot in the park. His trotting horse was a horse of swiftness; there must be no man living who could boast that he had passed Barnum on the road. He wore diamond pins in the daytime. He was the quintessence of perfect bad taste. He had a beautiful patriarchal way with youth, and loved to pat it on the head, and show how dollars had been won. His stories of his own childhood were stories of dollars saved from cents, and multiplied into other dollars by swapping, and by lucky corners in toffee and pie.

He would not work with his hands if he could

help it, and the great moral of his career was, that if you persistently refused that compromise, you might always hope to die in the skin of a rich man. He picked sentences from the poets and the philosophers to the end of enforcing this great truth. He would have known how to make Isaiah or the Preacher testify to the latent possibilities of affluence in a dime show. You were to be patient, forbearing, charitable in thought and deed, because all that was a way to make money. Temperance was money; honesty was money; perseverance was more money than all of them put together. He would have told the story of Bruce's spider for its bearing on the art of holy dying à l'Américaine. He grew pious in his phrase, in his manner, when he remembered how often he had been burned out, only to rise with finer feathers from his own ashes. His moral for the ruggedest hour that time and spite could bring was, "There's millions in it yet." Never, perhaps, in all history has there been quite such a vulgar old man.

So, understanding his time as he did, Barnum dies one of its most conspicuous figures. He may have sat at kings' feasts; he certainly had a king in his show. The American Legation was represented at his opening entertainment at Olympia; a Lord Chief Justice attended to see the last of it. The show, as London saw it, was the man. What glitter and what emptiness! All the curiosities in creation, and a fraud even at that. It was a multiplication of small things to make big things—poor horsemanship, but a squadron of riders; poor clowning, but a hundred clowns. Magnificent were the combinations, but they were all combinations of nullities. Take the general effect of tinsel and limelight, and it was stupendous; fix the eye on a single detail, and it was a sham. The clowns clowned sadly, without vocation, but their laughter smote the sky, and it served to cover the trick.

The whole congregation was busy, and busy all at once, and you never thought till you got home that you had seen it better done at a country fair. Great Barnum! Other ages will have other secrets, but he mastered ours. His mausoleum will assuredly be the finest in Connecticut. Let them write on it, "He made his Pile."

### A FALSE GOD OF FICTION.

IN a note appended to one of his novels, Charles Reade says, "Should the business of reading my works ever be conducted with one-thousandth part of the attention I bestow on writing them, my readers will discover that there is more real invention in 'A Terrible Temptation' than in most of my stories, and that it deserves a high place among them at all events."

Now here is an amazing *non sequitur*; and that Charles Reade should have written it, is more amazing still, for it gives the lie to all that he preached and practised as the true way of novel-writing. No man esteemed his own profession more highly. "Fiction," he says, on the last page of "Put Yourself in His Place," "whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest, and greatest of all the arts." That in this splendid art he was a distinguished master, he never doubted for a moment: and he was quite right. But of the "real invention" which was to give "A Terrible Temptation" a high place among his productions, he had scarce an ounce. His one trick, on which he built plot after plot, was to separate two lovers and bring news to the one of the other's death. This is no mighty inventive feat, but on it he founded the complications of "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Griffith Gaunt," and "A Simpleton." With the slight variation of popping one of the lovers by fraud into a madhouse, instead of by fraud reporting him dead, we get "Hard Cash"



and "A Terrible Temptation." Now let the reader count up the cases in which the fraud in question takes the form of forgery or tampering with other people's letters, and he will have a fair idea of Reade's resourcefulness in "inventing" a plot.

What, then, makes him a great novelist? He has answered the question for us in the sentences that sum up his Appendix to "The Wandering Heir." "Fiction is the art of weaving fact with invention. If it were mere arrangement of fact, thousands could write it; if it were pure invention, the young would beat the elderly at it. Instead of that, the young, with all the advantage of their ardent imaginations and generous blood and elastic energy, write flimsy stuff for want of Fact."

Novelists and critics just now seem one and all cursed with the same desire. They clamour after invention and pursue it, and care nothing for fact. In other words, they are all hunting after utter childishness, and consequently run the risk of mere oblivion. We want "plots" nowadays, undeterred by experience. The novelist seeks "situations," and then sits down to think out the characters to fit into these situations and the events to lead up to them. This, we are gravely told, in columns of "Literary Gossip," is M. Sardou's way; and no doubt it is. It is also the way of Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Du Boisgobey, and Anna Katherine Green. It was not the way of Cervantes, Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac, Turgueneff. Dickens has been charged often enough with portraying the abnormal; but he was never responsible for anything so abnormal as a good plot, and, what is more, he never but once tried to give the world "something really new" in the sense that our modern critics use the expression. Then he tried the Spontaneous Combustion business. It was not so bad as the Hypnotism that now rages up and down our fiction: because it killed its unfortunate victim, and there was an end of him, whereas the evil that men do in hypnotism leads a train of consequences that never end until they have vitiated a book from cover to cover.

No doubt the demand for a plot is natural. And the man or woman who can supply a good one is as certain of financial success as he is sure of artistic mediocrity. The misfortune is that he or she should also be praised by men calling themselves critics. For if one thing be more certain than another with regard to a novel, it is that no first-class man has ever cared much for plot. To do so is to take hold of the stick by the wrong end: and as a matter of fact whenever we have the good fortune to learn how a really big novel has been written, we find that the author began it without a notion of the way in which it was to end. Is it a mere fluke that such books have attained greatness, while scarce a single carefully constructed novel has reached it?

Of course it is no fluke. In their case invention has been relegated to its fit and proper service, as the handmaid of fact. For the two can never decently be on equal terms, until man can sit down and create a world as good as his Maker's: and even then he can only count for honest favour on critics who are honestly dissatisfied with the old scheme of creation. It may be vastly entertaining to read about a world in which everybody walks on his head and the chairs stand on the ceiling; or another in which everybody is a villain, an injured innocent, or a detective. But the round world will judge at its ease between Miss Austen and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Balzac and Gaboriau.

One consequence of this fashionable tendency to treat a novel as a work of invention, rather than of interpretation, may usefully be noted. Charges of "plagiarism" fly about freely nowadays and are mostly absurd; but the absurdest of all is the charge "that So-and-so has plagiarised from himself." If a landscape painter makes a dozen attempts to render the same effect of light and shade on the same cornfield, or the portrait painter uses the same model a score of times, nobody objects. It is reasonably sup-

posed that with each fresh attempt they are striving after something they have not caught before. Why, in the name of honesty, should it be otherwise with the novelist? Shall he alone be condemned to spin stories out of his own head, and be called a knave if any two of them are alike? Why is he denied the freedom granted to his brothers, the freedom to sketch and study and try again till he succeeds?

It is preposterous. It all comes of regarding the invention in a novel as of more importance than the facts, and it ends in treating the unhappy man who has the grace to be dissatisfied with an inadequate sketch and the pluck to attempt another, as if he were trying to take out two patents for the same discovery. Nor is he allowed to obey his instincts when he makes the first attempt. Every true artist is, to start with, a scholar at somebody's feet. In the case of painters this is duly allowed, and a young man whose landscape in Burlington House is obviously the better because Constable lived, once on a time, will be treated as a human being, laudably alive to the fact that he wasn't born in the Garden of Eden, and laudably determined to use that advantage. But if a young novelist, in his first work, dares to imitate—as every good workman has imitated, from the beginning of the world—he is treated like a thief. Everybody remembers the abuse heaped on Mr. Rider Haggard because (1) certain incidents in a book of his reminded somebody of certain incidents in a book of Tom Moore's, and (2) because he included in another book some verses which he had not written himself. Well, this takes the nonsense a step further. The assumption at the base of the first charge is that Mr. Haggard was under an obligation to invent his incidents. In this case a man is not allowed to do a thing well because somebody has done it badly before him: for it was never contended that Moore's tale compared with Haggard's. The assumption of the second accusation is that a man must invent everything inside the covers of his book. Very soon, we suppose, he will have to invent his own mother-tongue.

In short, this invention is the dominant false god among writers and critics to-day. Obeying it, they are content with nothing sane, nothing normal, and precious little that is real. What they strive after bears the same relation to good work as tying one's limbs in a knot bears to athletics. And the distressing fact, for them, is that no two men are allowed to tie themselves in the same knot. To invent, when you can observe nature, is an inane occupation: for Invention has only one proper mother, Necessity.

#### A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

##### XXXVI.—THE SALON.

"BUT is it proper?" the Rambler asked when invited to the Salon, a club for both sexes.—"My dear sir," was the reply, "in all London there is nothing quite so proper as the Salon." Thus reassured, the Rambler accepted the invitation, and he is now inditing a testimonial to the Salon's harmlessness.

His question was not unjustifiable, for of most of the clubs for men and women started now and again in London—cock-and-hen clubs, the vulgar call them—little that is good can be said. Financially, they have seldom been successes. Their club-house is usually to be let before "original members" need to pay a second subscription. With such clubs, however, the Salon seems to have little in common beyond this, that its membership is of both sexes. In them the women tended to be very like the men; but at the Salon, one might perhaps say, it is the men who tend to be somewhat like the women. So far as the Rambler could gather, no one is eligible for the Salon who is not connected with literature or the arts; and the meetings are only occasional, when you are received by the members in a hall turned into a drawing-room. It is as if a number of

ladies and gentlemen had agreed to give an "At Home" between them instead of receiving in their own houses.

There is quite a crush of nicely dressed people, with what one may be pardoned for calling an oddity here and there. The oddities are all tremendously distinguished persons, with whose names you are not familiar. That lady, for instance, who wears her hair so strangely, is the celebrated woman who wants to start off in search of the North Pole, only her husband won't let her. It is said she has the scheme so much at heart that she sleeps in snow-shoes to accustom herself to the hardships of Arctic travelling. The little thin gentleman who follows her everywhere is not precisely famous himself. He is only her husband. You may observe that he has a trick of listening unostentatiously to what other persons are saying about her. He cannot discover whether her ambitions are admired or laughed at, and yet he would very much like to know. Watch the puzzled look on his face, and compare it to the satisfied look on hers. If you would learn whether she is to use balloons or lifeboats, get one of those ladies to introduce you to her. But unless you are intensely interested in the lady who is to be there when Nansen arrives, let us in preference take a stroll on ladies' skirts round the room. At every step you meet a young person called the Coming Man, who is, as you perhaps know by this time, the most familiar figure in art or literature. The Coming Woman is also scattered in numbers throughout the Salon.

Note how good-natured everybody is. This, probably, is because there are no obscure persons present. Each of us being famous in his own line, all can afford to be magnanimous. The understanding is that you have come to meet "interesting" people, and to give them the same privilege. You must stop, therefore, now and again, to be introduced to great ones. What! you did not catch the name of the lady with whom you have been talking for the last ten minutes? Let us ask Miss Findlater (the celebrated impressionist) for the name. "Oh," says Miss Findlater, "that is Miss Beauchamp." (Now then, stupid, why don't you say "Is it, indeed?" or "What! the Miss Beauchamp?") "Yes," continues Miss Findlater, pitying your ignorance—"Miss Beauchamp, who writes for *Women's Functions*, you know." "How very interesting!" is your reply (or you had better leave the Salon), and we pass on to where young Mr. King Little is telling a dozen eager listeners of the good thing he said to Lady Mumps last Tuesday afternoon. One of the listeners recognises you, and positively you must give her the pleasure of introducing you to King Little. He is quite the Coming Man, don't you know, and is to have a letter in the next number of the *Author*. Mrs. Sunderland, who does those extraordinary articles in the *Fashionable Intelligencer* (she is here to-night, and you simply must be introduced to her), thinks that King Little's style is not unlike that Russian's with the dreadful name. And, oh, dear Mr. Blank, do you know who that girl in red is? Please say you don't, because I want so much to be the person to bring you two together. Fancy, that is Mrs. Gatling! Oh, you must have heard of her. She is being talked of *everywhere* just now, because she is going on the stage to play Ibsen. She says she quite realises his female characters, and thinks them so fascinating. She is to pay all the expenses herself, and we look forward to a wonderful performance. Please, if she is a little inattentive to your talk, don't mind it, as I know from the far-away look on her face that she is studying her part. She is to have rehearsals and all that, you know, and she is to stage-manage them herself; she is so particular.

There is a cessation of talk for ten minutes as Mr. Culpepper (who is dying to be introduced to you) and Miss Linda Golightly (who is living for the same purpose) are to give a recitation. . . . Was it not charming? Some excellent judges think he is

as good as Mr. Irving; and, fancy, he is quite modest. Linda is simply a genius, and so pretty, don't you think? We look upon—oh, do come this way. I see Lady Jennie Tulip, and I know she would so like to meet you. Of course you have read her novel "A Wan Love"? It quite brought her into notoriety; and shows such a knowledge of life that I am told men are frightened to meet her. Be nice to her, and I should not wonder though she told you the title of her next story. Who is the lady on her right? That is no other than Mrs. Sleigh. Fancy, I knew Annie Sleigh four years ago, when she was a nobody. Now she is interviewed nearly every week. I must introduce you to her.

Everyone at the Salon is delightful, yet the introductions are sometimes a little painful. This is because the introducer always explains who we are, or rather what we have done, or rather what we are going to do. The Rambler was a little nervous while waiting for the celebrities to remember what he is celebrated for. But, on the whole, it is a place you cannot come away from without feeling that you are somebody in particular after all.

#### A MODERN ARTIST.

AT 148, New Bond Street, a thin wooden partition separates the collection of drawings by the late Charles Keene, of which I spoke last week, from an exhibition of gardens and orchards by Mr. Alfred Parsons. And all the morning I have been debating whether I should speak of these pictures or allow them to pass without comment. On one side, it seemed to me useless to write about work the very intention of which I was unable to gather from many varied examples; and yet, when looked at from another side, the criticism of an exhibition wholly alien to the critic's sympathies seemed necessary to him who has an æstheticism to formulate—who, in a word, desires to give his readers something more than a couple of columns of artistic reporting. I shall therefore proceed to record the most disagreeable impression that an exhibition of paintings by an expert painter ever produced upon me.

What strikes the eye first on entering the exhibition is that the colours, although brilliant, are by no means rich. It is difficult indeed to conceive a palette thinner, poorer, or more monotonous. The palette has been reduced to first principles—and no single tone is used to light up another, as gold may be used successfully to light up a grey which upon the palette is insignificant; the violent contrast of primary tints seems to be the whole of Mr. Parsons's method. Blue-green shadows, cadmium yellow swards, skies of blue enamel! introduce into this a piece of red, vermilion slightly broken with yellow ochre, and you have the habitual colour of Mr. Parsons's mind. No. 15 is an excellent example of what I mean. The subject is a walk in an English garden. In the foreground we have the young lady in red dress; she sits reading in a garden chair, and the red dress is cut out sharply on blue-greens and black-greens. Above her the overhanging foliage is full of blue-green shadows, the hedge is a black-green, and the sky is hard and bright. In Mr. Parsons's work everything is explained, every chimney-stack is insisted on, and over all that Tudor mansion there has been put one tint of pale chocolate colour. The house is in the middle of the picture, and the foreground is filled with an immense bouquet of green plants—the very rawest green—placed against an architecturally drawn house tinted over with pale chocolate! Or shall we take No. 38? In this picture we have an orchard overgrown with cow-parsley. Above, the apple-blossoms show upon a bright sky; below, the cow-parsley grows thick and tall. On the right, two figures in black clothes stand at the gate. The foundation of this picture is a single pale green tint, very opaque, and this is peppered over with flake-white



for the cow-parsley, some rose madder is introduced into the flake white and then the branches are peppered with blossom. The figures are crude as black wafers stuck on a green and white wall-paper. There is not a single happy transition of colour; there is no transparency. The colour is not a result of the atmosphere; there is no atmosphere, therefore nothing holds together. The black figures are gross and incorrect in value.

From the handling, which is the same throughout, and the manner, which is stereotyped even to the point that the greens of some pictures could be transferred to other pictures without any alteration having been effected, it is clear that these pictures were painted rapidly in quick succession; they probably represent a year's work. So much did I gather from my study of them. But I found it impossible to determine what goal the artist had proposed to reach, what problem he had set himself to solve, what circumstances or what intentions had combined to produce such inexplicable results. Looking at these pictures, I was particularly exercised to learn whether they were the result of some praiseworthy but unsuccessful artistic adventure. So I sought for something of later-day French impressionism in these pictures. There was none. I asked whence came this desire to contrast primary colours. Did the idea originate in some ill-considered attempt to appropriate Japanese methods? No; a thousand times no. Any study of the Japanese masters would have taught the necessity of transparency, and in these pictures the deepest shadows are painted with opaque colour. Are these pictures then only attempts to make faithful transcripts from nature? Probably abortive because nature seems to have been more copied than observed. Is this then another talent in a state of disintegration? A more ample knowledge of Mr. Parsons's earlier work than I possess is necessary to answer this question.

It will be only fair to hope that these pictures represent no more than some singularly disagreeable experiments in the misuse of violent greens, but for the sake of our artistic causerie it will be interesting and instructive to assume that they represent a talent in a state of disintegration. For is not the premature decline of talent one of the characteristics of the century? In our century more than in any other it is habitual for young men to take society by storm with a picture painted in their thirtieth year and to find themselves forgotten before they are forty? They continue to paint but without adding to their knowledge. Since 1830 English painters seem to say all they have to say before they are forty, and when they have charmed us with their little mannerisms they fade away, and go out like lamps only half-filled with oil. Every year after forty the light of personal idiosyncrasy grows dimmer, and we recognise more clearly how slight was their knowledge, how defective their style. Every half-dozen years a new light appears, and the papers are full of praise of him; upon the success of his one picture he talks of founding a school; in three or four years he is forgotten.

If I did not maintain the greatest prudence in this analysis I should let slip some word which would unmistakably identify one of the many examples of premature decay of talent. Ours is a century of hurry, of keen and transient emotion, and young men who are not notorious in the evening papers before they are thirty are apt to consider that life has disappointed them at all points. Talent is no longer cultivated, but like new potatoes personal idiosyncrasy is produced very early in the season, and in great abundance. But in former times, when there were no newspapers, talent was allowed to mature, and it strengthened and developed, striking new roots even in old age. I turn to the school with which I am best acquainted. Rembrandt's early pictures do not compare with his later work, and though I do not agree with some critics

who place the portraits that Hals painted when he was eighty above those he painted when he was sixty, no one would hesitate for a moment between the portraits he painted when he was thirty and those he painted when he was eighty. Cuyp lived till he was eighty-five, and to the very end his talent remained firm, developing and affirming itself even after he was seventy. And so on through the whole Dutch school. And this because the Dutchmen allowed their temperaments to take care of themselves, and year after year with the sublime patience of their race continued to perfect and complete their artistic education. Nowhere do you find any passionate demonstration of personality; these quiet folk do not thrust their peculiarities upon you, they wear the same clothes, and are content that you should learn the minute differences in feature and expression which separate them. But modern art is like a costume ball; everyone wears a different dress, and having assured himself that his cloak is not cut or coloured like his neighbour's, he is satisfied. Surely the donning of an odd dress is a poor way of proving you are someone, and as the fête proceeds, and the dress tears and wears out, then the wearer cuts a sorry figure indeed, and having excited some ridicule and some pity, and having witnessed the triumph of a new-comer who wears a stranger and more gorgeous dress, one is glad to profit by the fact that attention is now withdrawn from us, and to slink away and in some dark corner to attempt the mending of a rotting cloth that will no longer hold the stitches.

G. M.

#### THE DRAMA.

THE distressful sense of humiliation which is the natural penalty of failure to find favour in the sight of Mr. Clement Scott is almost compensated by the pleasure of inveigling him—as I have been so fortunate as to inveigle him—into one of his delightful moods of literary reminiscence. All good criticism, according to the latest Impressionist Theory, is autobiographic. It is the autobiography of a soul, says M. Anatole France. With Mr. Clement Scott, it is sometimes the autobiography of a body. In the last issue of the *Sunday Times* he takes us back to the "happy summer of 1863," and tells us how, provided with a free pass by a gentleman who owned the *Sunday Times*, lent money in Leicester Square, and spelt *entrée* without the final *e*, his body was received in the playhouse of that date. "Old John Oxenford glared at me from his spectacles and under his white shaggy eyebrows. Tomlins, who ever said the bitterest things with the sweetest smile imaginable, merely asked what 'Sir Boy was doing there.' Leicester Buckingham gave me a supercilious snort, and stroked his short black beard." "It was never a mutual admiration society," says Mr. Scott (surely a little superfluously?) of these glaring and snorting ones, but "when I recall these early days I never fail to be struck with the wonderful forbearance, the courtesy, and the gentle kindness that was extended to the stage-struck youth by my elders and my betters." What a pretty little flash-light photograph it is—one gentleman's spectacles glaring wonderful forbearance and another snorting gentle kindness! Thirty years, nearly, have passed, and the sweet smile of Tomlins haunts Mr. Scott still.

But these heroes of '63 not only glared, and smiled, and snorted; they had principles,—which they instilled into Mr. Clement Scott. "To roll logs for my brethren, if they wanted help to build their own reputation, and to behave with the same generosity towards the young dramatic critic as these veterans showed to me"—these are the Immortal Principles of '63, and of Tomlins. You first spell w-i-n-d-e-r, and then you go and clean it. Mr. Scott, having defined the Principles of '63, goes and "wipes my eye" with them. As I am one of Mr. Scott's "brethren," and, he asserts, "one of the youngest of the critics" to

boot (in reality, alas! well-nigh double Mr. Scott's age when Buckingham snorted at him, and, perhaps—impious thought!—nearly as old as Tomlins), the Immortal Principles demand that Mr. Scott shall behave with generosity towards me,—'63 *noblesse* (not to mention Tomlins) *oblige*. And, remembering that the inventor of The Immortal Principles signified kindness by a snort and forbearance by a glare, one is not surprised to find that Mr. Scott's "generosity" takes the form of calling names—

" . . . which is plenty, Dudley James."

Mr. Scott describes me as a young egotist; a Sir Oracle; insolent; dictatorial; lecturing it and lording it as the schoolmaster. "*Il a une politesse*," said Talleyrand of Narbonne, "*sans nuances*." And the *politesse*, the generous behaviour, of the man of '63 is evidently *sans nuances* too. As I stroke my short black beard (like Leicester Buckingham), I cry with Mrs. Alving, "Ghosts! Ghosts!" Once more Tomlins is saying his bitterest things—but I miss his sweet smile. Tomlins has forgotten his *nuance*.

Why does Mr. Scott stop rolling logs in order to lavish all this '63 generosity upon me? It seems that (1) I have been guilty of an offence against "good taste" in "falling foul of my brethren" respecting the treatment of Ibsen's *Ghosts* by the London press. *Esprit de corps*, I am told, should have checked my pen. Certainly, one's duty as a critic would be an easier burden to bear if one could take this engaging view of it, if one could always be sweetly smiling like Tomlins. Log-rolling is, doubtless, a more soothing occupation than heaving 'arf-bricks. But what, I wonder, would become of one's poor critical integrity in the process? It would be useless, I fear, to pretend that Mr. Scott and I are at one about this matter. Between the Principles of '63 and mine there is a great gulf fixed. *Odium æstheticum*, which Mr. Scott considers a vice, I hold to be a virtue. The controversialist who wished that his opponent might be eternally damned for his Theory of Irregular Verbs was probably "gey ill to live with," as a man, but he had, assuredly, the ideal temper for a critic. Against the Immortal Principles of Tomlins let me set those of another gentleman "who ever said the bitte st things"—Schopenhauer. "It is quite wrong to try to introduce into literature the same toleration as must necessarily prevail in society towards those brainless people who everywhere swarm in it. In literature, such people are impudent intruders; and to disparage the bad is here duty towards the good. Politeness, which has its source in social relations, is in literature an alien, and often injurious, element; because it exacts that bad work shall be called good. In this way the very aim of art is directly frustrated." How superciliously Leicester Buckingham would have snorted at Schopenhauer! (2) Mr. Scott, in order to make more sure of being in the right, does what most people do, at the end of five minutes, in every discussion, and what, perhaps, in replying to him, I may unwittingly do myself. He attributes statements to me which I have not made, and thoughts which I have not held. He says that I have "traduced" the "personal characters" of himself and his colleagues in the sentence which I take leave to reprint here in italics.

Moreover, he (i.e., Mr. J. T. Grein, who organised the *Ghosts* performance) has exposed for us the hollow incompetence of current dramatic criticism, its lack of insight, its shallow conventionalism, its dense impenetrability to ideas. The breakdown of the London press over "*Ghosts*" will come as a surprise only to those who are not familiar with the class of men by whom the old school of editors (purlind persons to whom politics are long primer, and art mere minion or even nonpareil) are content to be represented in the playhouse. These gentry have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse over *Ghosts*, shrieking aloud in the name of the "great public." With them, it seems, the business of criticism is not to criticise, not to try and see the thing as it really is, but to be the mouthpiece of the uncritical, of the "great public."

"He attacks our characters," cries Mr. Scott. "What else, may I ask, does this sentence (italicised above) mean?" Whereupon, Mr. Scott falls to praising the "honour and steadfastness" of a long roll of heroes,

the heirs of '63, I suppose, upon whom has fallen the mantle of Tomlins, "our Henry Howes, and Savile Clarkes, and Byron Webbers"—*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*. Surely it is impossible for any intelligent reader of my sentences to construe them for one moment into an attack upon the "personal characters," "the honour and steadfastness" of Mr. Scott and his troops of friends with the "highly respectable names"? Even Tomlins, I think, would never have so wilfully misinterpreted my words. What, of course, I did call in question was the intellectual standing, the critical competence of the men who declared, with one voice, that *Ghosts* was nothing but "incest" and "loathsome disease." It is no question here of taste, no question of liking Ibsen or of disliking him. It is a question of being equipped for *comprehending* him and the intellectual world he moves in, of being abreast of the philosophy and sociology of the day. Now, the kind of criticism of which I speak seems to me to lack this equipment. Here is a specimen:—

Outside a silly clique there is not the slightest interest in the Scandinavian humbug. . . . The decent householder puts his garbage and offal outside the door. But some well-bred and educated dog is sure to rout over the pile and to bury his nose in the nastiest morsel. The better bred and educated dog the more he relishes the worst scrap of carrion. . . . Cannot we leave this muck-heap to the educated and muck-ferreting dogs? . . . But what would have been the good to hunt away these educated individuals from the Ibsen dust-bin? They know it is nasty, and they pretend to conceal their love of nastiness with a love of literature. (*Truth*, 19th March.)

The writer of this egregious nonsense, according to common report, is Mr. Clement Scott. If he be, then he, I submit, is of all men the least qualified to talk of "attacks on personal character." If he be not, then he is a much ill-used man; for there is a theatrical contributor to *Truth* who is stealing his thunder, plagiarising his curious protervities of style, nay, even imitating his most cherished blunders, e.g., the use of "individual" for "person." Be that as it may, this is the sort of stuff which makes our theatrical standards of taste the gibe of all Europe, and goes far to justify such sneers as that recent one of M. Guy de Maupassant about "that elderly female Methodist, English criticism." The curious may find more of it in the Anthology of Anti-Ibsenite abuse, compiled by "W. A.," and published in last Wednesday's *Pall Mall Gazette*. So long as mere thick-headed abuse passes in London for dramatic criticism, I shall continue to question the competence of the critics; and Mr. Clement Scott shall, if he chooses, continue to vindicate the Immortal Principles of '63, to roll logs, to snort superciliously with Buckingham and smile sweetly with Tomlins.

A. B. W.

## THE WEEK.

"LIBELLING the dead" is the pleasant phrase used by the *St. James's Gazette* to describe our article last week telling the story of young DISRAELI and the *Representative*. This is sad, and rather hard upon MR. MURRAY; for our article, as we need not remind our readers, was an accurate and unadorned summary of the chapter in MR. MURRAY'S Life in which the history of the *Representative* is set forth in full. The statement which the ingenuous evening journalist makes, to the effect that we "roundly described" MR. DISRAELI as "a liar" and "a swindler," is not true. We used no such words. That they have risen unbidden to the lips of LORD BEACONSFIELD'S adoring admirer on learning the truth about his connection with the *Representative* is not, perhaps, surprising. But that is a matter which affects the particular lodge of the Primrose League which claims the allegiance of our critic rather than ourselves.

DR. SMILES thinks that the novel by MRS. SHELLEY of which MURRAY had the offer was most probably



"Lodore." On the same page, however, she appears as borrowing LELAND'S History of Ireland and the Memoirs of COMINES as authorities for the said novel, which must therefore have been "Perkin Warbeck."

THE story of the sleeping beauty has again found a parallel in literature. It appears that one of the finest and most interesting of all the strange poetical works of BLAKE has lain *perdu* in manuscript for a century. It was kept apart by its author with the intention of revision, until he lay on his death-bed, when he gave it to his friend JOHN LINNELL, who left it to his sons. No mention of the work occurs in GILCHRIST'S "Life." MR. SWINBURNE and MR. ROSSETTI have been equally silent about it. One only of the many illustrations which are scattered through it is described in the catalogue of BLAKE'S works at the end of the "Life." This descriptive reference makes the omission of all account of the MS. the more curious.

THE fact seems to be that no one had the patience to read the poem. It was written on loose sheets of paper, many of them containing early proofs of the engravings to YOUNG'S "Night Thoughts." The sorting of the pages proved an almost insurmountable difficulty. It has, however, been overcome, and "Vala," as the poem is called, will appear in a collected edition of all BLAKE'S mystic writings, hitherto practically unpublished and altogether unexplained. The collection will be accompanied by a careful and thorough account of the entire system of BLAKE'S myth. The editors are confident that the question whether BLAKE knew what he was writing about, will be set at rest finally, and his coherence of invention indicated. The work will be published by MR. QUARITCH. The editors are MESSRS. W. B. YEATS and EDWIN J. ELLIS. The book is promised for the autumn.

MR. EDWIN J. ELLIS, mentioned above in connection with BLAKE, is a man of varied capacity. His "Greymare Romance" (GEORGE ALLEN) has quite caught the public fancy. There are plenty of sporting books on horses, but a sportive book is a change. With pen and pencil MR. ELLIS touches the old story of the importance of parents and the impertinence of children lovingly and laughingly. Humanity has been satirised in the guise of horses, but never before under that fable laughed at good-naturedly.

A YEAR ago it was one of the *dicta* of the Savage Club that an author might as well offer a horse un-buttered stones as a publisher a volume of short stories. Now they are issuing from the press thick and threefold. We announced a number recently, and we have to add to our former list a collection of novelettes by MR. JAMES PAYN, to be called "Sunny Stories and Some Shady Ones," and "The Water Devil," short "Studies in Fiction" by MR. F. R. STOCKTON. Is it the success of MR. KIPLING'S works which has caused this boom in minor fiction?

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish this month "One of Our Conquerors," the novel by MR. GEORGE MEREDITH which has been running in the *Fortnightly*; and MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY have ready a new novel by the author of the "Chronicles of Glenbuckie." It is entitled "Kilmallie," and is full of the Scotch tone which MR. JOHNSTON has succeeded in reproducing almost as well as MR. BARRIE.

MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. will publish immediately a students' "History of Greek Philosophy," by the popular Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, DR. MARSHALL. "War" is the title under which MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will issue COLONEL J. F. MAURICE'S paper on that subject in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." COLONEL MAURICE has ex-

panded and revised his article. DR. JAPP'S "De Quincey Memorials," already published in America, has just been issued in this country by MR. HEINEMANN. It will be followed by the first instalment of DE QUINCEY'S posthumous works. "Some French and Spanish Men of Genius" is the title of a work by MR. JOSEPH FORSTER, which MESSRS. ELLIS & ELVEY are preparing for publication.

It is suggested that the American Copyright Act is one of the main causes of the dulness of the present publishing season. Probably the most important book which is being held over till the 1st of July, in order to secure American copyright, is the new edition of RUSKIN'S "Poems" (ALLEN). Few have read RUSKIN'S poetry, as it is almost inaccessible in this country, and its publication is being looked forward to with much interest. We do not wish to anticipate criticism, but it is safe to say that many of RUSKIN'S readers will be disappointed. His longest poems, "The Broken Chain" and "The Scythian Banquet Song"—a very bloodthirsty performance—are echoes of SCOTT and BYRON. His descriptions of nature are, many of them, admirable, but his discursive style is quite unsuited for verse, and there are countless passages of his descriptive prose, each of them worth all his poetry twice told.

RUSKIN took CARLYLE'S ideas and screwed them up far above concert-pitch; but what must be said of M. EDOUARD DRUMONT, the French disciple of the Annandale peasant? Why this, perhaps, that he is trying to reproduce the tune of CARLYLE'S orchestral prose on one string of a violin, and that string is *antisémitisme*. M. DRUMONT was the initiator of the anti-Semitic movement in France, and his teaching is embodied in four remarkable books—"La France Juive," "La Fin d'un Monde," "La Dernière Bataille," and his newly published volume, "Le Testament d'un Antisémita." This last closes for the time the series of M. DRUMONT'S books devoted to the psychological and social study of our age. In it he has tried to italicise the points upon which he had not sufficiently insisted, and to expand and make clear what seemed to him too summarily sketched in his previous works. He is careful to let the reader understand that his book is not the testament of antisemitism, but simply the personal testament of an antisemite, the "journal of his thoughts and struggles." M. DRUMONT'S style, in emphasis and in the employment of metaphor, owes much to his master, and his books are studded with quotations from CARLYLE'S works.

THE publications of the week include DR. GRACE'S "Cricket" (ARROWSMITH); "News from Nowhere" (REEVES), by WILLIAM MORRIS, being some chapters from a Utopian romance; two volumes of the "Temple Library" (DENT), the "Poems," and the "Essays" of LEIGH HUNT; "New Grub Street" (SMITH, ELDER), a novel in three volumes by GEORGE GISSING; and "An American Heiress" (BENTLEY), also in three volumes, by W. FRASER RAE. Two one-volume stories are "Pretty Miss Smith" (HEINEMANN), by FLORENCE WARDEN; and "Drifting Apart" (PERCIVAL), by KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. To the "Minerva Series" (WARD, LOCK) has been added BECKFORD'S "Vathek" and "Travels," and to the "Story of the Nations" (UNWIN) "Portugal," by H. MORSE STEPHEN.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL thinks that SCOTT ought to be quite as much honoured as BURNS by his countrymen, because his genius was more European, and has been recognised over the whole literary world. What constitutes a "European genius"? We should say that his Grace is here talking at random. If he means that SCOTT had more sympathy with the Continental nations than BURNS, in proportion as his historical and literary knowledge of

them was wider, we are disposed to agree with him. But we do not see how genius, an innate quality, can be more or less European. The only way in which the word "European" can be applied is in contradistinction to American, Asiatic, etc. BURNS was as much a European genius in this sense as SCOTT. If the Duke means that SCOTT was less insular than BURNS, then he might perhaps have used "cosmopolitan." We don't think he would, however, had he thought it out, remembering, "A man's a man for a' that."

THERE can be no doubt that SCOTT has been more widely recognised than BURNS; but BURNS's fame is in the ascendant. French and German translations of his poems have existed for a number of years, and at the present time they are being rendered into Italian by one of the ablest scholars in Rome. It is said that in Italian a much better idea of the original can be conveyed than in French or German. Prose is the form the Italian translator uses most frequently, and it is a wise choice; but some of BURNS's lighter pieces are to be in verse.

THE recent proposal to form a "Sir Walter Scott" Club in Glasgow was the occasion of the DUKE OF ARGYLL's remarks on BURNS and SCOTT. With the proposal, the Duke, like most Scotchmen, is in warm sympathy. Why Scott Clubs should not have been formed long ago it is difficult to say. Probably the reason may be found in the fact that all those who wish to belong to a coterie of the kind join the Burns Club of their town or hamlet.

IN connection with the Scott Club we noticed the name of the *doyen* of Scotch letters, DR. JAMES HEDDERWICK. He was unable to attend the meeting of the supporters of the proposal, or to take part in the movement. "When I state," he said in his letter, "that I remember seeing SIR WALTER in the days of his brilliant activity, you may judge that I am too advanced in years to arrive at any other decision." "I remember seeing SIR WALTER!"—Those who can say that must be few now.

It is always well to recognise "style" when one meets with it—as one does occasionally nowadays in the performances of critics of the Hyperborean-Cockney school to whom the word "bleat" is as a shibboleth, and in the letters of LORD GRIMTHORPE. It is to the latter that we are indebted for the following specimen, culled from the *Times* of Tuesday: "Well, the Lincoln Precentor, again as usual, has rather cut his own architectural throat by throwing in that 'this is the only memorial of his skill that London possesses'; in other words, London has had the same opinion of it as I, at any rate, have had ever since I watched the building of the then new part of the University Library, the ugliest thing in Cambridge, founded on dry concrete, and with the plaster vault marked out into sham stones with joints which would all have slid if they had been real."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* published on Thursday some highly amusing extracts from a note-book in which CARLYLE had jotted down a brief account of a visit he paid to Paris in 1851. He went over at that time to spend a few days with LORD and LADY ASHBURTON. The extracts are characteristic enough. MR. and MRS. BROWNING, it seems, accompanied him as far as Paris, and BROWNING seems to have acted as a kind of courier to the dyspeptic philosopher, whose French was hardly Parisian in its fluency or elegance. "The woman," is the somewhat uncouth manner in which CARLYLE refers to MRS. BROWNING. He must have been very, very dyspeptic when he wrote these reminiscences. They are valuable, how-

ever, as containing little thumb-nail sketches of THIERS, GUIZOT, and other eminent men of the time.

WHERE did the manuscript come from? It is an interesting question, and one that demands an answer. There is still an enormous quantity of CARLYLE letters and notes awaiting publication. It is known that many of his letters to his wife disappeared before his own death. Some of these—for example, the letter in which he describes his first visit to Fryston, published in LORD HOUGHTON's "Life"—have since been recovered. An autograph dealer held them, and offered them for sale to likely customers; terms, £10 per letter. Can the journal of the French visit have been brought to light in the same fashion? The autograph dealers have much to answer for. On Thursday a number of valuable autographs were sold at SOTHEY'S. The highest price fetched by a single letter was thirty guineas. This was the sum paid for a letter written by LORD BYRON to his sister, giving her a full account of his relations with MADAME GUICCIOLI. On the whole, we are inclined to think that when BYRON wrote that particular letter he never expected that it would one day be put up in a London auction-room for the edification of a gaping mob.

THE discussion in the *Academy* as to whether the portraits of MARY FITTON at Arbury Hall correspond with SHAKESPEARE's description of his dark mistress has produced one good story, if nothing more. DR. FURNIVALL, in order to prove a theory, suggests in his playful way the advisability of burning the present EARL OF PEMBROKE and his house of Wilton. He is moved to the suggestion by the remembrance of a story told him by the late DR. RIMBAULT. "An inconvenient entry in a Tudor MS. stood in the way of the theory of WILLIAM CHAPPELL and a friend of his, that DR. BULL wrote the music to 'God Save the King.' They clubbed together, bought the MS., and solemnly burnt it with the pious ejaculation, 'Thank God, we've got rid of that objection!'"

MR. WALTER W. SKEAT has discovered in the Bodleian a hitherto unknown poem by CHAUCER. It occurs at the end of a copy of "Troilus," and may easily have been overlooked, as anyone examining the MS. might suppose it to belong to "Troilus." It is a delightful example of CHAUCER's playful humour, and "dallies with the innocence of love." As a specimen of rhythm, it is well worth perusal, and philologists will be interested in some curious words it contains. It was copied by one TREGENTIL, a charming name. MR. SKEAT communicates it to the *Athenæum*.

THE first number of the *Economic Journal*, the organ of the newly founded British Economic Association, seems to represent all schools, except, as yet, the Socialists. MR. JOHN RAE deals with the Eight Hours Day in Victoria; PROFESSOR RICHMOND SMITH, the well-known American writer on Emigration, with the United States Census; DR. SEEBOHM with Peasant Proprietorship in France; PROFESSOR WIESER with the theory of value of the Austrian abstract school, headed by PROFESSOR Menger—a subject new to almost all English readers; MR. H. HUCKS GIBBS with the fall in silver; MR. LEONARD COURTNEY sends the lecture he recently delivered at University College on the difficulties of Socialism; and MR. JOHN BURNETT contributes interesting information, chiefly from America, on the Boycott in trade disputes. DR. CUNNINGHAM of Cambridge, MR. L. L. PRICE, and PROFESSOR J. S. NICHOLSON, are among the other contributors to an excellent and most promising first number.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.



THE *Illustrated London News*, under its new editorship, is making literary contributions a leading feature of its pages, and this week it has quite a strong team of writers, including Mr. JAMES PAYN, Mr. LANG, Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, and Mr. J. M. BARRIE. It will be interesting to see whether this development of the original idea of an illustrated newspaper hits the public fancy.

TO-DAY appears the first number of the *Horse Breeder and Racing Record*. The editor is MR. OSBORNE, who, under the pseudonym of "Beacon," has acquired a reputation as an authority on matters horsey. It is said that MR. OSBORNE counts among his subscribers most of the wealthy patrons of the turf, including the QUEEN and the PRINCE OF WALES.

NEXT Thursday, at the Criterion Theatre, the new play, in four acts, written by MR. J. M. BARRIE and MR. MARRIOTT WATSON, entitled *Richard Savage*, will be produced at a *matinée*. The play, as the name indicates, deals with the social and literary life of the last century, and we are introduced to such places of note as Will's Coffee House and the Kit-Cat Club.

CHANGES are now in progress in the hall of the British Museum at the entrance to the reading-room. It is proposed to remove the two huge Lycian tombs which occupy so much space there, and to make the hall into a sort of ancient library. On the walls will be placed the most interesting of the Greek inscriptions in the Museum, which, for want of room, have hitherto been kept in a basement. Among them will be placed portraits of Greek poets, philosophers, etc.

THE inscriptions which are at present being built up against the wall on the left of the entrance to the reading-room, are part of the wall of the famous temple of DIANA at Ephesus. It was the custom to inscribe documents of public importance on the walls of temples. Curiously enough, these stones were found in the great theatre at Ephesus, whither they had been removed from the ruins of the temple after its overthrow by an earthquake. They are now being placed in the order in which they stood in the temple walls. The upper series of slabs records an extensive benefaction to the temple by a Roman named SALUTARIS, with frequent mention of silver images, the making of which produced such profits to the silversmiths in the time of ST. PAUL. Three of the slabs in the lower series record the report of a commissioner appointed to arrange matters between the Ephesians and their creditors. Among the other inscriptions to be placed in the hall is a very interesting series from Athens, including the report on the building of the Erechtheum, the lines on the Athenians who fell at Potidæa, B.C. 432, and lists of the treasures in the temple.

#### RUSSIA'S NEXT MOVE.

THE terrible murder in Sofia last Good Friday has drawn the attention of the civilised world again to Bulgaria and to the menacing shadow of Russia hanging over her. The accidental assassination of the Minister of Finance, M. Beltcheff, proves plainly that the underground struggle for the possession of the Balkans is still going on with unsparing resolution and a none too scrupulous choice of means. The hairbreadth escape of the Premier, M. Stambouloff, for whom the fatal bullets were intended, shows on what a slender thread the independence of Bulgaria and the peace of Europe depend. It is bad enough for so young a country to lose, thus, a patriotic, capable, and honest Minister

like Beltcheff; but had Stambouloff been killed there would have been a far different change of position in Bulgaria! Not that the Bulgarians do not prefer independence to Russian rule, direct or indirect. But, as yet, the majority of the people are indolent and without initiative. They follow passively the guidance from Sofia, and would succumb easily to terrorism.

To-day the Bulgarian ship of State has Stambouloff at the helm—a pilot strong and resolute, who knows well the hidden rocks and shallows of the course—steers boldly yet cautiously in the anti-Russian current, and keeps a sharp eye on the Bulgarian national flag which flies aloft. If Stambouloff were to be removed to-morrow, by any means, violent or otherwise, and in his place Zankoff or Karaveloff seized the helm, the State-ship would back quickly into Russian waters and "the Slavonic flag" would replace the national banner of Bulgaria.

The knowledge of this fact urges on the Panslavists to make the most desperate efforts to recapture the helm of government in Sofia. It is not alone the patriotic national character of Stambouloff's policy that makes him such a power in Bulgaria; it is his unwearying energy, his unscrupulousness, his terrorism, which maintain his sway and keep before the people the high ideal of national independence. He combats the Russian Panslavists partly with their own weapons, for it is chiefly by terrorism that they seek to regain possession of Bulgaria. By this weapon they have already brought Serbia over to the side of Russia, and by this they will surely one day succeed in reconquering Bulgaria, unless, from some unexpected quarter, help comes to the weak against the strong; otherwise, it is only a question of time.

But just on this question of time there is a grave difference of opinion between the two Russias—the official one, guided by the Tzar, and the unofficial one, guided by the President of the Panslavic Committees, General Ignatyeff. The Tzar believes that there is time enough, that Russia can afford to wait calmly and work openly and honestly to see the destiny of Bulgaria—viz., her complete surrender to Russia—accomplished by diplomacy, or, if inevitable, by war. The secret reports of the confidential agents of the Panslavist Committees (most of these agents men of the pen, professors, teachers, and amateurs in politics)—who traverse the Balkan States in all directions, and study the phenomena on the spot—urge, on the contrary, that there is no time to be lost. These agents argue thus: the present ruling generation in the peninsula is either indifferent or overawed by Russia's greatness and power; but every new generation that passes through the national schools, and grows up under an independent and liberal political régime, will be less prepared to amalgamate with Russia. It is this argument that the Panslavists try to impress upon the Tzar. Meanwhile, they work on their own lines, independent of, and distinct from, the Government, hoping to lessen the damage which the policy of the "Tzar the Cunctator" necessarily causes to the "Slavonic idea."

Thus we have two political cyclones moving from Russia, in two distinct directions and with two different rates of speed, but both converging towards one and the same point.

It would be unjust to make the Imperial Government directly responsible for the latest—but not the last!—murderous conspiracy against Bulgaria's rulers. The responsibility of the Government is, in the worst case, a very indirect one, even if we remember how semi-official, and sometimes official, Russian papers speak of Stambouloff as a "tyrannical usurper," "a traitor to Bulgaria and the Slavonic cause," "who stands in the way of the manifold advantages which the Tzar intended to confer on the Bulgarians," and as one who "prevents the natural expression of their gratitude to the Tzar."

The Nihilistic methods are personally repugnant

to the Tzar, even when employed *outside* of Russia and for Russia's benefit. He detests (naturally enough!) all attempts at assassination, and M. Giers thinks them unworthy as well as dangerous, because they compromise Russia and disturb the carefully drawn circles of the Foreign Office and the steady progress of its diplomacy.

Not long ago THE SPEAKER drew the attention of its readers to the recent successes of this diplomacy, and pointed out its probable next move. As Russia, from the very beginning, was sure of the co-operation of Montenegro, and had recently gained such decisive advantages in Serbia, it was to be expected that she would redouble her efforts to regain her influence in Roumania; and in this her success has been complete. Political power in Roumania has been transferred to those devoted friends of Russia, General Floresco and Messrs. Lascari Cathargi, Exarcu, and Cogalniceanu.

Only two years ago little Montenegro was the single open and undoubted ally of Russia; whilst Serbia, Roumania, Greece, and Bulgaria were, in politics, decidedly anti-Russian. To-day all these States except Bulgaria are unmistakably pro-Russian. This is a fact regretfully admitted in Vienna and Berlin, but scarcely sufficiently appreciated in England. The immediate effect of this fact will be this: Russia will now attempt to coerce the Sultan into some definite engagements.

The Sultan has been hesitating a long time. The most pressing representations from different quarters did not move him to give up his reserve. Two years ago his personal inclinations were very much in favour of the Triple Alliance. But he would not bind himself. Since that time the Triple Alliance has lost some of its prestige. It has certainly lost the co-operation of Serbia, Greece, and Roumania, and must expect to see them join Russia in case a war breaks out. The support of these small Powers may not seem of much value to Germany, or even Austria, but the Turk weighs with a different balance, and things of little moment in Berlin may be heavy enough in Constantinople to turn a scale. Another circumstance may exercise an important influence on the Bosphorus. The Triple Alliance is a defensive league; it will not attack; it will only defend itself when attacked. To the Turks, who have not yet lost their national military instinct, this Alliance for defence only looks very much as if the Allies did not believe in their own chances of success, even if they attacked an enemy unprepared for conflict. Will the Triple Alliance have any better chance *now*, when Russia has completed her organisation and armaments?—when, after three years' hard work, she has already placed in fighting order nearly a million of soldiers?—when in Montenegro, Serbia, and Roumania, she has in hand the elements of an important diversion against the southern base of the Austrian position?

Under such circumstances a new attempt of Russia to coerce the Sultan may be made with better chances of success. The moment seems well chosen for diplomatic advance, but M. Nelidoff has not been entrusted with the delicate mission. He has only prepared the way for a higher, if less openly authenticated, ambassador. That "only friend of the Tzar," the Prince of Montenegro, is going to Constantinople. It is not the first time that Prince Nikita acts as personal and confidential agent for his Imperial friend, and this proposed visit of his to the Sultan is believed to be connected with the important task of which we speak.

The papers of Serbia and Montenegro speak much of the approaching visit of Prince Nikita to the Sultan, and add that the prince will go from Constantinople direct to St. Petersburg. They all believe that this visit is one of great political importance. But it is difficult to weigh exactly the chances of success. The Sultan is an earnest man, very reserved and sufficiently cool-headed; but he is apparently without initiative, and wanting in decision. The friends of the Triple Alliance count much on the two last qualities, and they hope that

all the well-known eloquence of the poet-prince will be unavailing to persuade the Sultan to make any positive binding engagements.

On the other hand, the friends of the Franco-Russian alliance *do* believe that the Prince has good chances of success. Russia demands only the friendly neutrality of Turkey. In return for that she will promise to respect the present territorial status of the Turkish Empire, and abandon all claims to war indemnity. The Prince of Montenegro may be, and very likely will be, in a position to offer other advantages to the Porte, and bring forth other arguments less intelligible to those who are not initiated in great diplomatic games. He may declare that, should Turkey refuse to engage herself to be neutral, "the Tzar may find it impossible to avoid accepting the *Austrian* suggestion to divide the Balkan peninsula between Russia and Austria."

Not a single Ambassador on the Bosphorus is able, at this moment, to say what the Sultan's last word will be; but unquestionably the peace of Christian Europe depends now—and possibly for the last time—on the will, or lack of will, of a Mohammedan ruler. If Russia succeeds in Constantinople as well as she has succeeded in Belgrade and Bucharest—if the Sultan formally engages himself to observe a friendly neutrality—then, probably, the next diplomatic move of Russia will be a declaration of war. If the Sultan refuses to engage himself, then peace may still be preserved—a little longer.

Those in the immediate surroundings of the Prince of Montenegro are full of hope that he will be the bearer of a formal document from Constantinople to St. Petersburg. They hope this because they know his Highness is personally a great favourite of the Sultan, and that he is, also, a very persuasive and not easily-to-be-repulsed ambassador. But we know, on the other hand, that the Sultan has great confidence in the present British Ambassador, Sir William White, and is not likely to take any decisive steps against the advice of England. Probably this advice will be to preserve perfect and absolute freedom of action, so as to be able to act, when the proper time for action comes, in unison with Great Britain.

The diplomatic victories of Russia and her proposed move in Constantinople, seem to show clearly that the so long-expected great Eastern crisis approaches rapidly at last. If Russian diplomacy scores in its next move on the Bosphorus, Bulgaria will be virtually encompassed by Russia's allies. Even if war should not yet break out, the Bulgarian patriots will have a hard fight to keep their country against the direct and indirect attacks of the Pan-slavists who have shown now, again, how far they are prepared to go in their unceasing struggle against the national idea. Prince Ferdinand and his trusted advisers seem well endowed with the good gifts of hope and courage, but they will surely have need also of "God's grace" to keep them fast in the days which come; and every lover of freedom must wish them heartily—God-speed! When foul murder walks abroad in full daylight in the fair garb of patriotism and political virtue, it is high time, indeed, for States and their rulers to show of what metal they are made.

In Serbia public men seem unable to free themselves from the meshes in which the pitiful struggle between ex-King Milan and ex-Queen Nathalie has taken them all. The flagrant insults and accusations which the ex-King and his ex-Premier fling at each other in the public press—the charge of having indirectly caused the death of a Radical Deputy eleven years ago which has recently been brought by prominent Radicals in the Skupstina against First Regent Ristich—show plainly how low the Serbian standard of political morals has fallen.

But these things are of very secondary importance in comparison with the coming great events of which we see the dark shadows closing rapidly in upon the political horizon.

E. L. M.



## A ROMANCE FROM THE CENSUS SCHEDULE.

FEW of us can have read, without strong emotion, the four examples of the mode of filling up the householder's schedules which came before our notice last Monday. They give us, it is true, but the bare facts—the birthplace, age, relationship, occupation, sex, and infirmity. But there is a potentiality in these imaginary groups which we often fail to find in far more pretentious work. Take, for instance, the first example—the Wood family. When we read it for the first time, we could see but barren statistics; but on a second reading, we saw that it was the work of an imagination of no mean order, and that, had not the author been confined to the limits of a census schedule, he would have made of it a poem, or a novel, or a drama. Let us allow, for a moment, our own most ordinary fancy to play around the bare facts which the anonymous author of the census schedule has given, and we shall find the story shape itself at once before us.

It is to be regretted that these records of the Wood family—resident, we believe, at Godstone—bear no title. But the most superficial study of them shows us what the author wished the title to be. If this sketch of simple English commercial life is ever reprinted in a longer form, it will be styled, "The Grocer of Godstone; or, Grandmama's Money." There were six persons in the grocer's household. There were six persons, and one of them was a—but we must not anticipate. For the rustic inhabitants of Godstone, had they been asked, would have told you that on the premises of George Wood—honest George, as he was familiarly called—there were but five persons; they knew nothing of that garret with the locked door and the darkened windows; they never heard the muffled cries that came from it, nor saw the spasms of pain which passed over George Wood's face as he listened. He was a proud man—proud and reserved. His hand did not tremble as he cut the rasher or weighed the Demerara. Only when with his wife, his son, and his little daughter he was seated at the family supper-table, he would sometimes bury his hands in his face, or gulp down great draughts of beer, and moan in agony, "Mother! Mother!" The little servant, Eliza Edwards, standing behind her master's chair, knew to what he referred. She knew that he was thinking of that closed garret and of the sixth person crouched in one corner of it; for three times a day it was her duty to carry food upstairs to that awful room. She was a servant, we learn, of a general and domestic temperament, and she never betrayed her master's confidence; or was it rather her passion, but ill-concealed, for the grocer's only son Alan, a stripling of twenty, which led her to respect the family secret? She was but twenty-four, and we gather from the schedule that she—like so many women—was a female, but she could keep a secret. When she was asked how many there were in the house, she answered, "We are five!" A simple servant that lightly draws her breath, what should she know of death or of the necessity for strict accuracy of speech? Wordsworth! We miss thee here. There were six persons in the Godstone grocery, and the sixth was a—but we shall come to that presently.

It was not only the family secret that had made the grocer at the age of forty-eight prematurely grey. He might value Eliza Edwards as a faithful servant, but he could hardly consider her a suitable match for his son Alan, the heir to the ancestral grocery. She was, as we have seen, four years older than Alan, and she was his inferior in social position. And yet the grocer could not but see that Alan was madly, passionately devoted to Eliza. Alan seemed to have forgotten what was due to his order; he seemed reckless of his birth and rank. Love conquers even the hereditary instincts of the noblesse. No wonder was it that as the grocer saw the degra-

dation which was coming on his family in the person of his son, or thought of the terrible secret locked in the garret upstairs, he gnashed his beard and ground his coffee on the premises in sheer desperation. Sometimes he would mutter strange foreign oaths—more foreign even than the aromatic bean: "A domestic servant marry my son Alan! Bismillah! Coffeemillah!"

*Cherchez la femme.* Not only was the domestic servant who had dared to lift her eyes to the grocer's son a woman, but that sixth person who crouched and gibbered in the garret upstairs was a woman also—a demented woman, and the grocer's own grandmother! And both were females—on this point the schedule insists. Why, the grocer's little daughter Flora—born at Ramsgate during a summer's holiday—was a female. The wife that he loved was a female. The air was thick with it.

Well can we imagine the scene when Alan pleaded in vain with his father for permission to marry the general and domestic Eliza.

"Harkee, sirrah," the grocer says contemptuously. "These premises are not entailed. Disobey me in this one point, and I leave all to your sister Flora—I cut you off with a sardine."

"But, sir," Alan retorts, "my poor afflicted grandmother, living alone upstairs, has money. Would she not be described in a census schedule as living on her own means—seeing that the terms 'gentleman' and 'esquire' are too vague? And she has made a will in my favour."

"You lie, sir!" thunders the grocer.

"E—liza," his son replies correctively. "Nay, sir, it is true; it was but yesterday that the will was made."

But the grocer was well versed in the subtleties of the law. "Then," he says with awful emphasis, "I can have that will set aside on the grounds of her undue insanity."

"Baffled!" the son exclaims, and staggers from his father's presence.

Of course the conclusion of the story is obvious, but we will indicate it in a few words. Eliza Edwards helps Alan out of his difficulty. "Fetch me from the shop," she says, "a bottle of the Château Requiem, that powerful family wine at eighteen shillings the dozen. To-night I will take it up to your grandmother with her supper, she will drink it and Nature will do the rest."

That night, infuriated by liquor, the aged hag breaks from the garret, murders the grocer and his wife with a cheese-taster, and finally commits suicide. Alan has inherited both the grocery and his grandmother's money now, and has married Eliza Edwards. The whole story teaches us the lesson of humility.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE POST OFFICE AND PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

SIR,—Can you afford me space for a few comments on your article on this subject in last Saturday's issue?

In the first place, it is incorrect to write of Mr. Herbert Spencer as wishing to "burden the State with the administration of every inch of the land." This does not rightly represent even Mr. Spencer's views of forty years ago, and is quite in contradiction to those more recently expressed. As for his "disciples," they are for the most part even more strongly opposed, if possible, to any form of land nationalisation.

This, however, is by the way. What I more especially wish to point out is that no Individualist can (as an Individualist, and apart from considerations of personal convenience) object to Mr. Raikes's action, since that action shows the public one of the natural consequences of a State monopoly. Mr. Raikes is doing his duty, and our blame should not fall upon him, but on the legislators who, after establishing the Post Office monopoly, bully their servant for obeying their commands!

For my own part, I cannot understand the defence of this monopoly. Either the Post Office serves the public better than private bodies can—in which case it has nothing to fear from competition, or it serves the public worse—in which case the sooner it is supplanted the better. It is idle to talk about Liskeard and Lewis. The supply of food to a village is more of an absolute necessity than the transmission of letters. Yet the

former we leave safely to private enterprise. And seeing that the State kept London waiting a hundred and fifty years before it re-established the penny post which it had forbidden private enterprise to carry on, I think that Liskeard and Lewis ought not to grumble at private enterprise even if it keeps them for much more than "a quarter of a century" without an express messenger service.

In conclusion, I would quote your own last words with a little modification:—"To say . . . that to trust the nation to do its own postal service (without legislative meddling) is to risk a return to the Dark Ages, argues a singular lack of faith in progress and a needlessly poor conception of" the possibilities of that enterprise which has given us so much, and will give us so much more, if allowed to act free from the fear of confiscation or State control.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

AN INDIVIDUALIST.

London, N.W., April 2nd.

P.S.—As to the respective merits of the Parcels Post, and the delivery by private agencies, I am no judge, as I always send parcels by the latter.

#### THE PADDY TAX IN CEYLON.

SIR,—Will you grant me a small portion of your valuable space in order to enlist the sympathies of your readers for the unfortunate Rice-growers of Ceylon.

Rice is the staple food of the poorest classes of the Cingalese, and it is the only crop grown in the island which pays a tax or rent to Government. The precarious nature of the crop cannot, of course, be easily obviated by the wit of man, but the tax can be abolished, and others of more general incidence substituted for it. Why should lands used for the cultivation of tea, coffee, cocoa-nuts, cinnamon, quinine, pay no tax, whilst a comparatively heavy tax is levied on paddy or rice lands, which are necessary to the support of the most needy class of the native population—a tax which has been doubled, trebled, even quadrupled, at various periods during the last fifty years? At one time—say fifteen or twenty years ago—when the production of coffee in Ceylon was flourishing, the paddy tax was not felt to be so oppressive, because most of the Goiyas (*i.e.*, peasants) had a little patch of coffee garden, and the high price of coffee enabled them to pay the tax on their patches of paddy.

But about fifteen years ago, the coffee plant in Ceylon was almost destroyed by disease, and this resource failed the paddy-grower. The result was that about 1880–82 they fell behind in the payment of their taxes. At this juncture, one would naturally suppose that the Government of Ceylon would have shown some forbearance in the collection of the arrears. On the contrary, rigorous measures were adopted, crops, houses, and lands were sold without mercy, and within the brief space of three years, collections of taxes and arrears equal to five and a half years' revenue were wrung from the people at a terrible cost of privation, misery, sickness, and death. This exaction, coming at a time of great commercial depression generally, drove the peasantry into the hands of the money-lenders, and ultimately, in some districts, to the loss of the bulk of their lands. It is calculated that some 29,000 heads of families were evicted, many of whom, pressed by want, abandoned their families, and thereby increased the misery and deterioration in the social condition of the people.

The course that ought to be taken by Government seems to me quite clear—*viz.*, to abolish the present grossly partial tax on paddy-fields. What taxes should be levied to meet the loss of revenue I do not feel myself called upon to discuss here, but a variety suggest themselves—*e.g.*, a general light land tax over the whole of the island, such as exists in India, or an income-tax, which also obtains in India, or an increased duty on spirituous liquors brought into Ceylon. Many arguments are used by the opponents of any change, and chiefly by those who fear that, if the paddy-tax be abolished, some further burden of taxation will be laid upon their shoulders. Abolish this tax, they say, and the Government Irrigation Works must be stopped, and you cannot consistently go on levying the 5 per cent. duty on rice imported into Ceylon (to which, as a free-trader, objecting especially to taxes on the food of the people, I can have no objection). These and other similar arguments are simply brought forward to obscure the real question. Of course it is, as has been well said, as difficult to tax and please as it is to love and be wise; but one thing is clear, that it is contrary to all reason—to common humanity—without going into the more abstruse fields of political economy, to tax the industry which supplies the first needs of the poorest class of inhabitants of a country and to let others go free. The present moment seems very propitious for removing this glaring anomaly, as the cultivation of tea is in a most flourishing condition, the exports having risen from twelve and a half millions of lbs. in 1887 to forty-five millions in 1890, *i.e.*, having nearly quadrupled in four years.

Hoping that you will give this good cause your powerful support,—I am, yours &c.,

CHARLES E. SCHWANN.

4, Prince's Gardens, W., April 5th, 1891.

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Friday, April 10th, 1891.

TO say that one is rather disappointed in a new book is, perhaps, merely to confess to high anticipations. The only thing that did not disappoint Rousseau, it has been said, was the view of the Roman aqueduct near Nismes, and other persons have been incompletely satisfied with the Atlantic Ocean. Thus even the Life of Byron's publisher, Mr. Murray, scarcely comes up to the measure of one's anticipations. The reason probably is that about the most important parts of the biography, "A Publisher's Letters and Friends," one knew almost as much already as can be known. The rise of the *Quarterly Review*, for example, may be studied in Lockhart's "Life of Scott" nearly as well as in Dr. Smiles's new book on Mr. Murray. The relations of Mr. Murray with Lord Byron, again, are familiar to readers of Moore's "Life of Byron." There we have Byron's letters, here we have Mr. Murray's side of the correspondence. About Scott there is not much here, except a long letter concerning Lockhart and the *Quarterly*, which does not seem familiar; and Scott and Byron are quite the most eminent of Mr. Murray's "hands."

The notes to the volumes, though few, are not always happy. Thus (i. 289) Scott tells Mr. Murray that he has sent for the Benedictine Edition of the French Historians. The note says, "This was, no doubt, the source whence Scott drew his novel of 'Quentin Durward.'" Surely Philippe de Commynes (called Philip de Commynes in this book) was Sir Walter's principal source. It is not the annotator's fault that Gifford (i. 201) talks of Ford's *Broken Heart* as a play in which "a person just continues to dance after the death of his lover is announced." But how did Gifford come to make such an unimaginable blunder? This was on the occasion when Gifford described Lamb as "a poor maniac," without knowing more of Lamb than he apparently did of *The Broken Heart*. Gifford afterwards edited Ford, and, one hopes, read *The Broken Heart*. To do him justice, he was deeply grieved when he learned that his words on Lamb had struck home. He had never heard of Lamb's madness, nor of Mary Lamb. To say of Coleridge (i. 301) "it was about this time (1809-10) that he was addicted to opium-eating," is to imply that S.T.C. was later innocent of seeking artificial paradises. A quaint blunder is that (ii. 54) where Croker writes about a pedant who resembles "Vadices of the *Femmes Galantes*." Mr. Croker may have written a very bad hand, but surely Dr. Smiles knows who Vadius was, and has heard of *Les Femmes Savantes*? The printer will have his stroke in every work, and I am the last who has a right to blame careless correction of proofs. But "Vadices" and the *Femmes Galantes* are stumbling-blocks.

Not at all the least interesting part of the book is the account of the beginning of Mr. Murray's house, *Les Enfances Murray*. The founder, in 1768, was Lieutenant John McMurray, of the Royal Marines. He was descended from the Murrays of Athol, and so was of gentle blood; his uncle, Colonel Murray, was out in the '15. For some reason the brother of the Colonel, Robert, added Mac to his name, and—as Macmurray—was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. John, his son, born in 1745, retired from the Marines at twenty-three, and purchased Sandby's book-selling business, at the Sign of the Ship, at 32, Fleet Street. It is odd that the house of Longman also began, or at least first comes into notice, in 1726, at the Sign of the Ship. The first publishing Murray was a friend of Falconer, the poet. Among his interesting books was Professor Millar's "Observations Concerning the Distinction of Ranks in Society" (1771). Mr. J. F. McLennan, long ago, directed my attention



to this book. It anticipates "Mr. Tylor's science," and contains perhaps the earliest suggestions on the tracing of kindred by the mother's side, the "Matriarchal" system. This original Murray also put forth Mitford's Greece and the elder Disraeli's, or D'Israeli's, "Curiosities of Literature." He discovered that "the generality of authors first apply for a publisher's offer, and afterwards parade it amongst other publishers to get better terms." One hopes that the generality of authors are not so unsportsmanlike. The next Murray—the famous Murray—conceived that Mr. Carlyle adopted this plan with his "Sartor Resartus."

The great Murray—Byron's Murray—came to the throne in 1795, sharing it with a Mr. Highley, from whom he soon parted company. He soon became connected with Constable's firm, when they and the Longmans took separate paths. Mr. Murray's efforts to reconcile "The Crafty" and "The Divan" were energetic and disinterested. But Constable, and later the Ballantynes, were a thorn in Mr. Murray's side. They were eternally drawing bills on him, and though he showed great forbearance he wearied at last. Who can unravel the web of the Ballantynes' affairs? The mystery of "Waverley" behind them kept them afloat for long, but worse people to deal with cannot be imagined. In all his business Mr. Murray displayed great sagacity and discretion. He early threw off the yoke of excessive bills. He tried to publish none but good books. He paid largely for good work. When connected with *Blackwood*, he refused to tolerate the young rowdiness of Wilson and Lockhart. In his opinion, a magazine should give pleasure; *Blackwood* aimed at giving pain. To be sure, the *Quarterly* was not famed for its gentleness, but *Blackwood* was decidedly more ruffianly.

Mr. Murray's character, as one reads it in his letters, was just, generous, sagacious, and honourable. The tone which Byron often used in writing to him, he can only have tolerated from his very high opinion of Byron's genius. In 1817 Mr. Murray writes, "I sometimes feel a deep regret that in our pretty long intercourse I appear to have failed to show you that a man in my situation may possess the feelings and principles of a gentleman." If Mr. Murray had knocked down Lord Byron with a folio, he would have had all our sympathies. His conduct about the burning of the Memoirs of Byron was most creditable to him. What was in the Memoirs? Mr. Murray had never read them; Scott, who seems to have known, or guessed, something, says, "*premat nox alta!*"

The story of the start of the *Quarterly* is familiar. Scott owed Jeffrey "a flap with a fox-tail" for his peevish and spiteful review of "Marmion." Jeffrey also published what he pleasantly called "a tickler" on Scott's "Dryden." Probably he was envious: at all events, for private and political reasons Scott started, or helped to start, the new organ. Dr. Smiles says, "Scott did not act as some literary people do—cut up his friends in a review." This is a Roman virtue which I own that I do not admire. If cutting up is to be done, a friend may let others apply the birch. There are always plenty of strangers, or enemies, to act the part of executioner. Indeed, Sir Walter carried the matter rather far on the other side. Southey had published "Kehama." He said that the "Lady of the Lake" printed to the extent of 25,000 copies, of "Kehama" only five hundred were printed. "I was planting acorns, while my contemporaries were sowing Turkey beans." The beans still flourish, but where is Southey's oak? Sir Walter reviewed "Kehama." "I threw as much weight as possible upon the beautiful passages, of which there are many, and slurred over the absurdities, of which there are not a few." Unconscientious man! Better, perhaps, it would have been to leave "Kehama" alone;

but one would rather be condemned with Scott than saved by the too Roman virtue of "cutting up" one's friends. There is, happily, a *via media*: never to review a friend's book which one cannot praise honestly and without reserve. This is better than to play Jeffrey's part—to attack the "Lay" for being too Scotch, and "Marmion" for not being Scotch enough. Both poems were by a friend, for whom the virtuous Jeffrey announced that he prepared "ticklers." "Call you this backing of your friends?"

Among persons in these memoirs not much known is Mr. Pillans. Long, long ago, when I was a small boy, Mr. Pillans was still a professor—of Latin, I think—in Edinburgh University. He was known as "paltry Pillans," because Byron mentions him once—

"And paltry Pillans shall traduce his friend."

Mr. Pillans, I presume, was, like Jeffrey, a reviewer of Roman virtue. He appears, in Mr. Murray's life, as, of all things, a humorist. He wrote a funny article for the *Quarterly*, and greatly puzzled Gifford the unpunctual, whose review appeared "*quelquefois*"—usually six weeks after date. "It is a poor ambition," said Mr. Gifford, "to raise a casual laugh in the unreflecting." Laughs are so rare, nowadays, that one hopes this will not discourage Mr. Anstey. A casual laugh is not aroused by the prolix details about old numbers of the *Quarterly*. The serial was not a success at first. "Gentlemen authors" were unpunctual, and Gifford's bad health and fastidiousness were always making the numbers appear far too late. Editing a quarterly seems easy work. Mr. D'Israeli (the younger) says in this book that he could decide on the merits of any manuscript novel in twenty-four hours. Twenty-four minutes is too much to give to most of them. But to edit an easy quarterly must be gentlemanly work. Some persons could write a quarterly in three months, as Dr. Smiles says Southey could have done. But Gifford, at first, could not see one through the press in less than four months and a half.

Mr. Murray's real enthusiasm for Lord Byron's poetry was much to his credit. He was convinced that "Childe Harold" was as certain of becoming a classic as the works of Dryden and Thomson. They are all classics, but with a difference. Gifford "declared that Byron would last beyond any poet of the present day. I tried him particularly about Campbell, but he had not a doubt about the certainty of your passing him." Gifford was, so far, probably right, and nobody could foresee that Byron was to be out-lived by Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats, and that his lyrics were to be out-lived by Scott's. As to Coleridge, he was not thought of as a rival. In 1830 Mr. Murray made it a rule to refuse all poetry. Nobody knew that young Mr. Tennyson, whose first book appeared in 1830, was going to be a popular writer, any more than we suspect any great poet of having first appeared in 1890.

An oddity, now made more generally known, is Scott's review of his own novels, of "Old Mortality" and the "Black Dwarf." He wrote it when Mr. Murray (i. 469) was positively weeping with joy over "Tales of my Landlord," in the publication of which he had a share. "Gifford says he never read anything like it." "Lord Glenbervie came to me with tears in his eyes. 'It is a cordial,' he said, 'which has saved Lady Glenbervie's life.'" To convince Mr. Murray that he did not write "Old Mortality," Scott offered to review it, "but with the utmost skill avoided praising it." "The hero and heroine" of the "Black Dwarf" "are just that sort of *pattern* people whom nobody cares a farthing about." It was in this review (if he really wrote it after all—for one fancies that William Clerk was in the affair) that Scott threw the blame of his novels on his brother Thomas, and fairly took in Mr. Murray.

The second volume is less interesting than the first, being concerned with smaller people.

As to money affairs, Mr. Murray seems to have dealt wisely and honestly with his authors. He did, indeed, assure an author that not one book in fifty paid its expenses. Mr. Besant, perhaps, will demur to this large statement (i. 341). The remark was made to an author whom Mr. Murray wished to publish on the system of "half-profits." "Under this system," he added, "I have been very successful." It seems that the system is not always worked in the same way, so that a general verdict on it cannot be offered.

On Mr. Courthope's concluding chapter I have only one observation to make, as agreeing with Mr. Courthope's estimate of Mr. Murray's character. But one can hardly agree that "the cheapness" of books "has been accompanied by a distinct deterioration in the taste and industry of the general reader," for our books are not cheap, but very dear, as Mr. Matthew Arnold used to complain. This book, for instance, cannot be called a cheap book. In France a similar work would not have cost half the price. The Circulating Libraries are the root of all evil.

One feels that in a brief series of paragraphs one cannot do justice to Mr. Murray's Life as a publisher. The book is full of famous names, and of anecdotes on which one has no room to touch. Persons interested in authors and publishers will find plenty of texts for their disquisitions. It was good to be a "hand" of Mr. Murray's, and to receive, like Southey, £100 for each review in the *Quarterly*. But Southey was ill content; he believed in his own mammoth poems and long histories, which did not pay, which do not live. He was mistaken about his own poems. About books Mr. Murray was not often mistaken, though he lost money by Crabbe's poems. One question in casuistry is opened by Mr. Lockhart's conduct. As publisher's reader he accepted a manuscript, and he afterwards reviewed the book favourably in the *Quarterly*. A man should not judge a book, first privately, for the publisher, and afterwards, in print, for the public.

A. L.

## REVIEWS.

### THE MARTYRED VICEROY.

THE EARL OF MAYO. By Sir W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I. (Rulers of India Series.)

SIR W. W. HUNTER has given us in this volume a handy and convenient epitome of his very well written Life of the Earl of Mayo, published in 1876. Nor does the original portrait suffer by reduction in scale. Biographers must often make allowance for lapse of time, as painters allow for increase of distance; for the figures are apt to diminish as years go by, and to assume a different though perhaps a clearer proportion; and in the present instance two hundred pages contain an effective delineation of Lord Mayo's life, work, and character. The first chapter summarises briefly the salient points of his Indian administration; with the object, it would seem, of marking his place in the orderly development of Indian rulership; the second chapter, headed "The Man," carries Lord Mayo through boyhood and his Parliamentary career up to his arrival in India (1869); while the remainder of the book describes his life as Governor-General, his internal and external policy, and all that he did up to the day of his tragic and lamentable death.

That the tone of this narrative should be uniformly pitched in a high eulogistic key is natural enough; especially since the public taste in biographies undoubtedly runs that way. An author may fairly write on the principle of doing his best for his subject, leaving to critics the congenial but

thankless task of picking holes; and to no one would a little overpraise be less grudged than to Lord Mayo. It is nevertheless to be wished that Sir W. Hunter's generous desire to place Indian rulers on their appropriate pedestal had not led him to employ somewhat sonorous phrases and magnified generalisations. "The task set before Lord Mayo was to create a new breakwater between the spheres of English and Russian activity in Asia. . . . Lord Mayo's foreign policy formed the true historical complement of Lord Dalhousie's annexation of the Punjab. . . . On the basis established by Lord Mayo in 1869, the modern policy of British India towards Central Asia has been built up." Such imposing sentences enlarge and exalt disproportionately the image of a high-minded, hard-working, and vigorous administrator; for it is manifestly impossible that the three years of Lord Mayo's Viceroyalty could have been an epoch-making era of this kind; nor can we admit that his brief career measures a period of vast and far-reaching changes. In the same spirit of forcible and fallacious contrast Sir W. Hunter affirms that the East India Company pursued, up to 1857, a policy of annexation which, "when the Queen assumed the direct control of India, her first act was to reverse." But there is no ground whatever for attempting to place in sharp contradiction to each other the policies of the Company and the Crown; for what actually occurred was a profound change in the policy of Her Majesty's Ministers, who in 1856 annexed Oude, and in 1859, warned by the Mutiny, proclaimed that annexation should cease. The East India directors had almost as little to do with the former as with the latter decision.

Lord Mayo was an excellent Governor-General, with large and liberal ideas of statesmanship, with great power of work, and, above all, with the rare faculty of winning the personal attachment of Indians as well as of Englishmen. He had the advantage of following Lord Lawrence, who had not been popular, whose relations with leading politicians at home had been very slight, and whose five years of peaceful government had left the country well ordered and thoroughly prepared for his successor's improvements. Supported by an unusually strong Council, endowed with great physical activity, strenuously devoted to his public duties, Lord Mayo unquestionably inspired the whole Government with fresh animation. He inaugurated the system of rapid tours all over India, visiting the different provinces, making acquaintance with the local officers, and securing the friendship of the native chiefs. His good horsemanship, his genial manners, his fine presence, his practical knowledge of men and affairs, impressed the people and the princes alike, and widely disseminated his personal influence among the leading chiefs. Sir W. Hunter very rightly dwells with emphatic encomium upon Lord Mayo's dealing with the Feudatory States, for it is in this department of Imperial politics that he displayed distinct originality of idea and action, and it was here that he established his most important and enduring claim to be ranked among Indian rulers.

His management of foreign affairs affords more scope for discussion. Our north-west frontier, along the Afghan border, has always been exposed to incessant raids by the marauding tribes, and we are told that, whereas up to Lord Mayo's time it had been usual to punish aggression by sending a force across the marches to make sharp reprisals, Lord Mayo wisely substituted a system of vigilant protective defence within our own limits. If this is true, he instituted a system which has long been abandoned as ineffectual, as is proved by the two separate expeditions that we are at this moment sending across the border to beat up these incorrigible caterans within their own hills. And with regard to the cardinal question of our relations with Afghanistan, which is the point of junction at which Indian politics run into and mingle with the grand current of European diplomacy, we observe, with some regret, that Sir W. Hunter shows



a tendency to bring Lord Mayo into strong relief by unduly effacing Lord Lawrence. The course of Afghan affairs has never run smoothly for any length of time; it is like a treacherous stream that flows calmly enough in short reaches between perilous cascades. During the whole of Lord Lawrence's Viceroyalty Afghanistan was distracted by a bloody civil war, which ended, just before he quitted India, in Sher Ali's complete triumph. It is perfectly well known that when Lord Mayo determined, in the first year of his office, to recognise and support the victorious Amir, he acted upon the views and projects bequeathed to him by his predecessor. When Sher Ali had mastered his kingdom, all doubt about recognising him disappeared; and while Lord Mayo seized the opportunity with skill and judgment, there was no such conflict of principle between the two Viceroys, there was no such abrupt turn of policy, as Sir W. Hunter's not very impartial statement of the case might lead readers to suppose.

We are, however, in much closer accord with Sir W. Hunter's estimate of Lord Mayo's internal administration. He initiated some valuable reforms. He passed some very useful legislative measures. He laid the foundations of that system of provincial finance and local self-government upon which the future constitutional government of India is being gradually built up; he discerned the vital necessity of decentralising the huge, unwieldy apparatus of Indian government and of strengthening the whole fabric by a better distribution of its weight. He deserves all the credit due to a clear-headed survey of the needs and difficulties of the situation, and to the energy and foresight with which he endeavoured to remove them. His biographer now and then provokes reluctant criticism by saying too much, or by producing evidence that is not only superfluous, but questionable. A high official, writing of Lord Mayo's financial reforms, assured Sir W. Hunter that "It is not too much to say that it has become impossible for the Government to remain long ignorant of any important fact affecting the finances." But a very few years after this was written the finances of India fell into utter confusion through ignorance of the important fact that there was no money left in the Treasury; and we may take this as a fair example of the damage that may be done to a good cause by enthusiastic advocacy. It is sufficient to say that Lord Mayo's vigorous measures of retrenchment and economy, his reimposition of the income tax, his searching investigations into all the departments of revenue, expenditure, and accounts, did exercise a very healthy and bracing effect upon the financial administration. In the final chapter of this volume the story of Lord Mayo's death is told with impressive simplicity; and it should be read by all Englishmen to whom the circumstances are not already familiar. He was visiting the convict settlement in the Andaman islands; he had finished his inspection, rode to a high point that looked over the sea, gazed silently at the summit, and exclaimed, "It's the loveliest thing I ever saw." This was his last look at the sun; for within an hour he was dead, stabbed in the dark by an Afghan convict who had been transported for slaying a man with whom he had a blood feud. The universal sorrow, the keen sense of grief, that filled all minds in India and England on receipt of this startling news, must always remain deep in the recollection of those who heard it. "The Indian Press (writes Sir W. Hunter) gave vent to the wild sorrow of many races in many languages; the English newspapers were full of nobly expressful tribute; Parliamentary chiefs had their well-chosen utterances for the nation's loss;" and, above all, there was true united mourning of all classes of his countrymen. But the blow struck also another note in English hearts—*Uno avulso, non deficit alter*. It is with this quotation, which contains and embodies the true spirit of Indian rulership, that Sir W. Hunter closes an interesting and picturesque narrative.

#### AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AFRICA. By Arthur Silva White. One vol. London: George Philip & Son. 1891.

MR. SILVA WHITE, the Secretary to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, has written a handbook on the "Development of Africa," admirably supplemented by a set of fourteen coloured maps designed by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, which will prove a useful volume to the politician, the journalist, and "those about to travel." Mr. Silva White gives in a pleasant, readable form a summary of the geography, physical and political, the climatic conditions, indigenous population, and products of that Dark Continent, which he pictures as the pariah, the unfortunate younger sister, among the main divisions of the land-surface of the globe; and he deals succinctly with such topics as the comparative success of Islam and Christianity, the slave trade, the progress of exploration, and the political partition of Africa. The book is purposely generalised; and even to the specialist it is not without utility as enabling him to obtain a fair general conception of the resources of the Cinderella among continents.

A few mistakes, however, of Mr. White's require to be pointed out in order that in another edition of his book he may be able to correct them. Firstly, in his consideration of the products of Africa he endorses a ridiculous mistake of Elisée Reclus, in asserting that the cultivated banana, the domestic goat, sheep, and ox originated in Africa. This is clearly not the case, considering that the nearest allied wild forms of this plant and these animals are found in tropical and temperate Asia, and not in Africa. Also, it is difficult to surmise what are the "certain species of dogs" which were introduced to us from Africa. The only varieties of domesticated dogs that I can recall as being in any way associated with Africa are the lap-dogs and mastiffs of the Canary Islands, and the white greyhounds of North Africa, but the ancestors of these dogs were brought to the Canary Islands and Algeria from Europe and Asia. Then, again, our author asserts that the tseke fly is unknown in the North-Western part of the African continent; but, on the contrary, specimens of it have been obtained from Sierra Leone.

In his review of the progress of exploration in Africa Mr. White hardly does justice to a man who, indeed, has scarcely received at anyone's hands his full meed of praise. This is Richardson, who in the "Forties" was British Consul-General in Tripoli. Mr. White speaks of the geographical results of Mr. Richardson's journey to the Sudan being rather due to his German companions, Barth and Overweg. This is not a fair way of putting it. Richardson reached Zinder in the Hausa countries of Sakatu and died there. It was after his death that the continuance of the expedition devolved upon Barth. Mr. White also attributes the journeys of the Rev. W. P. Johnson in the countries between Lake Nyasa and the East Coast to myself. Sir John Drummond Hay, formerly British Minister at the Court of Morocco, is written down "Sir Henry Drummond Hay," and a "recent report of his" which is alluded to should be attributed to his successor, Sir William Kirby Green, who was appointed to Morocco five years ago. Another marked error of Mr. White's is the confusion he makes between Admiral Hewett and Consul Hewett. It was the latter (E. H. Hewett, Esq., C.M.G.) who contended with German officials for the possession of the Cameroons, and not Admiral Hewett, who at the time was Commander-in-Chief on the East Indian station.

It may seem somewhat ungracious to pick out with such care all the errors of this book (most of them arising, no doubt, from a somewhat careless revision of the proofs); but it has been done through a real interest in this useful little manual, and a desire that it should be rendered and regarded as an authority on the subject.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

## ASIA MINOR.

THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF ASIA MINOR. By Professor W. M. Ramsay. Royal Geographical Society Supplementary Papers. Vol. IV. 1890.

A GREAT German scholar once declared that "learned roving" was the peculiar mission of Englishmen. As a rule, however, our "learned rovers" have not been professed scholars, but soldiers, sailors, or cultivated amateurs, and it is a hopeful sign that a Professor, once of Oxford and now of Aberdeen, should be found treading worthily in the steps of Leake and Fellowes.

In the book before us Professor Ramsay has gathered up the results of ten years' study and exploration in a field of exceptionally varied interest. For the civilised world has never been without an "Eastern question," and in the Eastern question, at all times, the peninsula of Asia Minor has been a factor of the first importance. "Planted like a bridge between Asia and Europe," it has been for ages a battle-field between East and West, and its soil is strewn with memorials of a struggle which began long before Herodotus wrote, and which is not yet ended. In this field Professor Ramsay is not the first worker, and the debt which he owes to his predecessors is fully and liberally acknowledged. But it may be said without exaggeration that everyone who hereafter attempts to write on the history, antiquities, or geography of Asia Minor must take these "Supplementary Papers" as his starting-point. They are not, indeed, easy to review, for the mass of material contained in them is almost overwhelming, and the form of the book has, as its author confesses, suffered from a superabundance of matter, which has heaped "additions" on the top of "addenda," and "additional suggestions" on the top of both. All that can be attempted here is to give some idea of the contents of a work which is unquestionably the most important contribution yet made to the study of the subject with which it deals. The main object of the book is the reconstruction of the map of Asia Minor as an essential preliminary to the study of its history. How much Professor Ramsay has achieved in this direction may be seen at a glance by anyone who will compare the maps contained in this volume, and especially those of the little-known districts in the centre of the peninsula, with the maps of our ordinary atlases. But of scarcely less importance is the clearness with which he has laid down the principles by which any successful attempt to determine the lines of roads, the sites of cities, or the boundaries of provinces must be guided. In the first place, he shows conclusively, as it seems to us, the untrustworthy character of the authorities on whom previous writers have usually placed their chief reliance—Ptolemy, the Itineraries, and the Pratinger Table. The blunders of Ptolemy he traces to a variety of causes: his ignorance of the country, his misreading of local names, his well-meant attempts to harmonise divergent accounts, and, not unfrequently, his failure to understand the single good authority whom, for the moment, he is following. The errors in the Itineraries and in the Table are largely due to a different cause, and one which is connected with a fact of considerable historical interest. Professor Ramsay shows that the foundation of Constantinople was followed by a change in the road-system of Asia Minor. Constantinople superseded Rome as the centre of attraction and the point on which the great roads converged. The compilers of the Itineraries and of the Table, in the fourth century after Christ, not unnaturally endeavoured to fit in the older road-system described by the authorities they used with the new Byzantine system of their own day. The result is a confusion which, in Professor Ramsay's opinion, makes it impossible to "recover from these authorities any approximately accurate picture of the road-system; and in the excessive deference hitherto paid to them he finds one of the chief reasons that have retarded the progress of

topography in Asia Minor (p. 63). Of Strabo, on the other hand, Professor Ramsay has a high opinion (p. 73), but the distinctive features of his own method of reconstruction, next to his careful study of the face of the country, and his skilful combinations of the scattered and fragmentary evidence supplied by coins, inscriptions, monumental remains, and place-names, is undoubtedly the brilliant and effective use which he makes of the Byzantine lists of bishops and of Hierocles on the one hand, and of the long series of campaigns which took place in the country on the other. His treatment of the military history of the peninsula from the days of Croesus to those of the Seljuk Turks is indeed one of the most valuable things in the book; and the aid which the records of marches and battles have given to the topography is amply repaid by the fresh light which a more accurate topography has again and again thrown upon the military movements themselves. Of this a conspicuous instance is afforded by our author's discovery and reconstruction of the great Byzantine military road. The line assigned to this road has been largely determined by a study of the military history, and on the course of this road that history for many centuries is shown to depend. The ecclesiastical records play a scarcely less important part in the work of topographical reconstruction. The *Notitiæ Episcopaliū*, the *Acta Sanctorum*, the letters of Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, are all laid under contribution, and all gain quite as much as they give by way of illustration and elucidation.

To follow Professor Ramsay's application of this method in any detail would carry us far beyond the limits of a review; but some of the more interesting results which he has obtained must be briefly noticed. Among these none are likely to attract more attention than his account of the road-system of the peninsula. The great highway of Asia Minor from the time of Alexander to that of Constantine ran eastward from Ephesos across the southern part of the central tableland to the Cilician Gates. But Professor Ramsay has shown that this southern route replaced an older one, and that the older route was still followed in the time of Herodotus by the famous "Royal Road" of the Persian kings. This road, as Herodotus tells us, crossed the Halys by a bridge; it must therefore have passed to the north of the salt lake and desert which occupy the centre of Asia Minor, and after this détour have turned southwards to the Cilician Gates. Why was this longer northern route used by the Persian kings? Professor Ramsay answers that the Persians were using a road already in existence, and a road which dated from a period when the centre of power in Asia Minor lay not in Mesopotamia, or Persia, or Syria, but in the north-east of the peninsula itself. The assumption that such a centre of power existed he strengthens by pointing out that it also explains why the old trade route from Cappadocia northward ran, not as afterwards to Amisus, but by a more difficult road to Sinope. For this road met the old highway from east to west, and close to their point of juncture Professor Ramsay claims to have identified the very city which was for this oldest road-system what Rome or Constantinople were for those of later periods.

"At Boghaz Keni are situated the remains of by far the most extensive city in Asia Minor. . . . Here we have the only city in Asia Minor which is marked by its remains as a ruling city of the Oriental type, unaffected by, and earlier than, Greek influence. Its situation explains all the difficulties presented by the early roads. It communicated naturally with Sinope, and the road from it to Ephesos crossed the Halys." This "great capital"—the Pteria of Herodotus—Professor Ramsay argues, was the centre of an ancient empire, of whose power the unique bridge over the Halys was a proof. He is evidently tempted to go further, and identify this empire with that of the Hittites; but on the verge of this dangerous ground he wisely pauses, awaiting



the discovery of a key which shall unlock the secrets of the rock-monuments of northern Asia Minor.

This empire, whatever its name may have been, passed away, but the road-system connected with it was not at once superseded by the more direct southern route. Although indications of the use of the latter are discoverable in the fifth century B.C., it was not until the third century, and under the rule of the Seleucid kings, that it came into "regular and exclusive use." A proof of its importance at this time is supplied by the series of cities which sprang up along the course or in the neighbourhood of the great highway, under the auspices of the Seleucid kings, and which gradually cast into the shade the older cities on the discarded northern line. Under Roman rule the southern road held its own as the main thoroughfare which connected the Eastern provinces with Ephesos and with Rome, and as the backbone of the Roman road-system. Of its bearing on Roman administrative arrangements, Professor Ramsay gives an instance (p. 50) which may be mentioned here as illustrating the unexpected light which topography is constantly throwing upon history. When Cicero was Governor of Cilicia, his province included, strangely enough, the southern part of the province of Asia, which had been united with it since 80 B.C. This arrangement was due to the fact that the fear of the pirates had, between 80 and 65, compelled the Governors of Cilicia to avoid the direct voyage to their province, and, instead, to proceed overland from Ephesos by the southern road. As in doing so they traversed part of the province of Asia, those portions were placed under their control. When the sea became safe, the old arrangement was reverted to.

Throughout the first three centuries after Christ, the Romans developed, without essentially altering, the road-system which they found in existence, the most important additions being the military roads connecting the military colonies established by Augustus to hold the Pisidian highlanders in check, and those constructed at various times for the defence of the Eastern frontier. But the foundation of Constantinople was followed by a decisive change. New Rome became the centre of attraction to which, and no longer to old Rome, all roads in Asia Minor led. The change produced important results: "Previously prosperity had been greatest in the southern half of the plateau. But during the two centuries that elapsed between Constantine and Justinian, the northern half of the plateau grew steadily in importance, . . . and many new centres of population were formed which gradually acquired the rank of cities and bishoprics" (p. 74). The significance of this Byzantine road-system Professor Ramsay has been the first to point out; and of the great Byzantine military road he is, in a sense, the discoverer (pp. 197, *seqq.*). But military requirements were not the only considerations which determined the course of Byzantine roads. To the zeal of those who proffered the new religion of Christ was due the pilgrims' road, leading to Jerusalem from Constantinople by Nicomedia, Ancyra, and Tarsus (p. 242), "in some respects the most interesting of all the later roads of Asia Minor."

No better commentary on the changing fortunes of the peninsula can be found than that which is supplied by the rise and decay of its cities, or the alterations which have taken place in their sites. The rise of Apameia was due to the opening of the great southern highway; with the disuse of that route, in Byzantine times, it sank to the level of a third- or fourth-rate town (p. 75). The sites selected for their defensibility in the oldest times were, during the more peaceful Græco-Roman period, deserted in favour of pleasanter and more accessible positions—while with the return of war and invasion under the Byzantine Emperors rose a new class of fortress-towns "perched upon lofty precipitous rocks" (p. 200), which became, in their turn, cities and the seats of bishoprics. Two other points of great

interest can only be briefly mentioned here—the gradual spread of urban life among the tribes of Galatia and Cappadocia during the first three centuries after Christ, and the persistent existence notwithstanding of the native population and of native dialects and worships. The first of these points is not new, but the materials collected in Part II. enable us, for the first time, to follow the process of municipalisation with some approach to accuracy. The second fact is one of which Professor Ramsay has been gradually convinced by his own researches. "Greek was not the popular language of the plateau even in the third century after Christ; the mass of the people spoke Lycaonian, and Galatian, and Phrygian" (p. 24). Even after Christianity had imposed its language upon the people, the old religions found expression in the numerous heresies which disturbed the orthodoxy of the central districts.

We cannot conclude this review without expressing the hope that Professor Ramsay will be able to continue his exploring work in Asia Minor. Few scholars have achieved so much, and with such slender means; but more remains to be done, and anyone who reads this book will be convinced that its author is incomparably better fitted to do it than anyone else.

#### MIND AND MATTER.

ANIMAL LIFE AND INTELLIGENCE. By Professor C. Lloyd Morgan. London: Edward Arnold. 1891.

PROFESSOR MORGAN has written with his usual clearness and lucidity of style a very opportune book, with the hope of contributing something to a deeper knowledge of the mental processes of animals. Before attacking this recondite subject, he carefully clears the ground, and it is not until one-half of the work is read that we come upon the immediate subject of his treatise.

The book consists of over five hundred pages; of these the first sixty deal with the characteristics, morphology, physiology, and development of animals, and this is, perhaps, the least satisfactory part of the work. On this follows a very masterly and clear exposition of the various views which are held as to how animals have become what they are; and the value of this section is much increased by the searching criticisms which the author directs on some recent theories which have found wide acceptance. The latter half of the work is occupied with an account of the sense-organs of animals, and their mental processes and intelligence.

It is one of the merits of this work that it improves as it goes on. The first part is the least satisfactory. The task of conveying to the general reader in language not too technical an adequate account of the structure, physiology, and development of animals in general, is almost an impossible one; and this attempt savours too much of the popular magazine article. This part of the book is on a lower platform than the rest, but even here, when the subject takes a more philosophical or speculative aspect, the author has much to say which is interesting and stimulative.

The couple of hundred pages which deal with the factors of organic evolution are very good. Professor Morgan thinks clearly and writes to the point. He gives a careful account of the numerous views which different writers have held as to the various factors of evolution, and criticises them with great ability and with an entire absence of that acrimonious tone which not infrequently makes its appearance when doctors differ. In connection with the subject of size-variation, which is at present attracting a good deal of attention, Professor Morgan contributes some interesting observations. Together with a friend, he has made a number of measurements on the variation in length of the bones in the arm which support the wings of bats. From these measurements a curve of the amount of variability in any bone in the same species of bat is obtained, and a

table is also given showing the range of variability of the same bone in different species.

A good deal of attention is devoted to the speculations of Professor Weismann, which have recently attracted so much attention in the biological world. Professor Morgan accepts as a logical necessity the statement that there is nothing in the life-history of the lowest animals—the simpler Protozoa—which corresponds with the phenomenon of death, but he criticises the German savant's account of the origin of death in the higher animals. Since the higher animals are derived from the simpler forms, and since the higher animals die, death must have been introduced—it is, in fact, a secondary adaptation. According to Professor Weismann, this arose as follows: when animals became multicellular and produced their offspring by the separation of some part of their body, usually an egg, it became obviously disadvantageous to the species that the body should continue to live on and on, since sooner or later accidents would occur and it would become maimed or mutilated, and in its crippled and defective condition would take up room which might be occupied by healthier individuals. Death then appeared by a process of natural selection.

But Professor Morgan points out, firstly, that at this early stage in the world's history the law of the struggle for existence is each for himself, and self-sacrifice was unknown; and, secondly, that elimination deals with individuals, and it is clearly of no advantage to the individual to die; on the other hand, he suggests that the increased vitality required for reproduction may have brought about decrepitude and natural death, and that probably natural selection has worked upon this factor and maintained the most vigorous individuals in spite of the fact that their increased vigour caused their ultimate death.

There are two theories before the world which attempt to explain the phenomenon of heredity. The first, that of Darwin, and termed by him Pangenesis, assumes that each cell in the body gives off minute gemmules which, collecting in the reproductive cells, determine the origin in the offspring of cells similar to those from which they sprang. This theory has been modified and adopted by numerous workers in the same field, but it has not found universal acceptance; and Professor Weismann has put forward another explanation, which may be termed the theory of the continuity of germ plasma. This assumes that there is one undying plasma which passes from the reproductive cells of one generation to the reproductive cells of the next, and round which the body of the organism is built up, as it were a kind of parasite on the sexual cells. Neither of these theories satisfies Professor Morgan, who gives a most able account of each, and criticises them in a truly scientific spirit. He is content to find a sufficiently satisfactory hypothesis of heredity in the well known and observed phenomena of cellular continuity, without invoking the aid of imaginary gemmules or hypothetical germ plasmas.

In a similar way, whilst speaking most highly of Professor Weismann's ingenuity, he throws great doubt on the view that Panmixia, unaided by any other factor, can effect any great amount of reduction; and whilst fully recognising the difficulty of deciding for or against, is inclined to the view "that use and disuse, if persistent and long-continued, takes effect not only on the individual, but also on the species," a view which differs from that of many of the leading English zoologists.

The latter half of the book is occupied with an account of the sense organs of animals, and with a description of their mental processes as far as they can be gathered from careful observations of their external activities. The nature of the chief senses is described, and a short account of each system of sense organs is given in the various groups of the animal kingdom. In dealing with the auditory vesicles which occur so frequently amongst the Invertebrata, the author adopts the sensible view that they, with their enclosed otolith, function not

so much as auditory organs, but as balancers or as organs for the appreciation of change of motion.

With regard to the mental processes of man and animals, stress is laid on the fact that the external world, as we know it, is the joint product of two factors—external existence on the one hand, and our active minds on the other; and, further, that our mental processes are of two kinds, either they are *perceptions*, which give rise to perceptual inferences, percepts, and intelligence, or they are *conceptions*, which give rise to conceptual inferences, concepts, and reason. The introduction of the process of analysis, intimately connected with the development of language, marks the difference between the inferences of perception or intelligence, and the inferences of conception or reason, and it is this latter power which Professor Morgan denies to animals. Thus far his views coincide generally with those expressed by Professor Mivart, but at this point they diverge. This distinguished Roman Catholic writer considers that the difference between intelligence and reason is not one of degree but of kind, that between the intelligence of animals and the reason of man a great gulf is fixed, impossible to bridge by any process of natural selection. Professor Morgan, on the other hand, is of opinion that, though the introduction of the process of analysis marks a new departure, it does not involve a breach of continuity, but that perceptual consciousness, or, to use Professor Mivart's term, consentience, may, and has, passed into conceptual consciousness or consciousness. The last chapter in the book deals with mental evolution, and the relationship of mind to matter; it contains some very ingenious speculations as to how such faculties as are found in highly trained musicians and senior wranglers, which, as Mr. Wallace has pointed out, cannot be explained by any theory of natural selection, may have originated and been augmented.

The book is clearly and nicely printed, and is altogether a credit to the publisher. It is very free from errors, the only one of any importance being the reference on page 128, which should have referred to the previous figure. The frontispiece is good, but many of the woodcuts are hardly up to the general standard of the work, the value of which is much increased by a careful index.

#### A FORGOTTEN CHURCH.

VISITATIONS AND MEMORIALS OF SOUTHWELL MINSTER. Edited by Arthur Francis Leach. (Camden Society.)

SOUTHWELL stands on a tributary of the Trent between Newark and Nottingham. In pre-Reformation times it was the frequent resort of kings and magnates. Now, as it lies off the main road, it has sunk into something less than a market-town, and is passed by on the other side by a hurrying world. In fact, Southwell, if its name is known at all, is noted chiefly for the very modern interest attaching to it, as the newly constituted Cathedral of the newly constituted See of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. Mr. A. F. Leach had himself no other knowledge of it until he was deputed by the Charity Commissioners in 1886 to inquire into the case of Southwell Collegiate Grammar School. In this inquiry it became of practical importance to ascertain exactly the position which the school held in regard to the collegiate church; and, finding but little said of it in print, Mr. Leach had recourse to the "Liber Albus" and the "Registrum Capituli," the MS. records of the church. He found these worthy of publication; and the light thrown on the nature and constitution of a collegiate church, and on the real state of the ecclesiastical institutions of the country at the time of the Reformation, amply justifies the existence of this volume. Mr. Leach's introduction extends to a hundred closely printed pages, containing a digest of the "Visitations and Memorials," and a history and description of Southwell Minster.

It is remarkable how little was known until very recently of the collegiate churches of secular canons.



As late as 1854 the Dean and Chapter of Ripon con-founded them with conventual establishments, which is very much as if an Oxford College were con-founded with a Salvation Army barracks. The collegiate churches of secular canons were probably the most ancient, and, in the time of the Church's predominance, certainly the most important, of the ecclesiastical institutions of the country. Old St. Paul's, York Minster, the cathedrals of Lincoln and Salisbury, and many other less notable churches were all originally collegiate, and ministered by secular priests, who were allowed to marry. Only about half a dozen of the two hundred collegiate churches in existence at the Reformation were spared, and of these the most famous; the most ancient, the largest, and the richest was Southwell Minster. The finest portion of the present building, which does not date further back than the early part of the reign of Henry I., is the chapter-house. It is built on the plan and model of that at York; but, according to Mr. Leach, is smaller and far more beautiful. Nothing, he says, can surpass the elegance of the windows, or the rich, yet chaste, beauty of the carvings and arcadings, the crowning glory being the entrance arch through which the chapter-house itself is seen and approached. His praise becomes so very emphatic that one remembers that Mr. Leach is the discoverer of Southwell; yet the building which an enthusiastic admirer declares to be superior to the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, and which is said to make Rosslyn Chapel seem barbarous, must be a really remarkable specimen of Gothic architecture.

Southwell with all its belongings was surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1540, but by a special Act of Parliament it was re-established in 1543. After having been dissolved twice, the college was re-established in 1585, and continued intact down to the year 1841, when it was again disestablished and disendowed; and a republic which had survived the attacks of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., of Thomas Cromwell and Thomas Cranmer, fell before Sir Robert Peel's Ecclesiastical Commission. The last canon died in 1876. Since then nothing has remained of this ancient institution except the grammar school. In 1884 the church became a cathedral, and Dr. Ridding was installed as dean. Mr. Leach has brought out of obscurity a place of great architectural beauty and historical interest, and in time we may expect Southwell and its Minster to be as well known to the public as Rosslyn Chapel or the Lady Chapel of Ely.

### THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.

1. STEPHEN ELLICOTT'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1891.
2. THE DOWER OF EARTH. By Ethel Glazebrook. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

ANYONE who, from inclination or from the force of his unhappy circumstances, is accustomed to read many novels, probably finds it increasingly hard to do justice to the virtues of mediocrity. The story may be constructed with some skill; the characters may have some resemblance to life; the writing may be the writing of one well practised; of mere painstaking there may be more than enough. But all these things are not in themselves sufficient. Familiar lines and hackneyed incidents lessen one's interest in the story, and commonplace fluency is the usual result of much practice. One wants some new thing; for a little originality one pardons many faults; in the case of exasperating, careful mediocrity, one is liable to overlook much merit. We do not deny that "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter" has all the merits of mediocrity; it may even be considered to be a little above the average in some respects. A certain bad squire suppresses a will, made in favour of his half-brother, and inherits the property to which his half-brother is entitled; on his death-bed he confesses his sin to his son, and gives him the will in question. The son follows in his father's footsteps, keeps the

property, and suppresses the will; he does not destroy it, because that would have spoilt the story, and removed the only evidence against him; he puts it in one of those familiar hiding-places where everything is found, and there his wife reads it. She hides it in a book in the library. She chooses a volume of an encyclopædia; in the absence of average three-volume novels she was doubtlessly acting for the best. The library catches fire, but the volume containing the will is rescued. One does not want to sketch the whole story, but simply to ask whether the materials used up to this point have not by frequent treatment been brought almost into contempt. The younger squire allows certain cottages on his property to be so defective in drainage and sanitary conditions as to be positively dangerous; his cousin, zealous in the cause of humanity, upbraids him, and would persuade him to remedy the evil; he refuses scornfully. We have all read "Robert Elsmere." But the young squire who will not prevent the diphtheria of others is himself stricken with diphtheria; we recall all that we have seen of poetical justice on the melodramatic stage. Not only is this book conventional in plot and in incident; in the choice of phrase or epithet its author seems unduly inclined to the more usual. The heroine, on being kissed by the squire with "passionate vehemence," "uttered a little cry," as heroines usually do on such occasions. She also "widened the distance between them so far as the opposing wall allowed." She did not break down the wall. She subsequently married the squire. The book has its average merits. But it is wanting in spirit and originality; it is prolix; and the real hero of the book, a particularly heroic hero, sometimes loses his hold on the reader's sympathies by acting or speaking after the manner of the most ordinary prig.

In the average novel the motive, where there is any, is generally insufficient to account for the action which follows it. This is certainly the case in "The Dower of Earth." The heroine is not an imbecile, and yet she will not accept the suitor whom she loves and who is in every way suitable to her, but marries a mean and unpleasant person whom, even at the time of the marriage, she could hardly be said to love at all. Of course, the excuse given is her father's influence. She does it to please her father. A more serious defect in the book is the author's complete want of any sense of humour. We notice it in the playful badinage in the first volume, and we keep on noticing it until we reach the last chapter of the book, where the heroine, clad in a dressing-gown, gets into a boat, drifts, and takes poison. There was no valid reason why she should have taken up her position in a boat in order to commit suicide; she seems to have had a bed-room, and might just as well have done it there. But it is not hard to understand why the author leaves us with the picture of the dead woman robed in white, drifting in her boat between broad meadows where the reapers are at work, and under the willows. For we have read a poem of Lord Tennyson's entitled "The Lady of Shalott." There is a secondary plot to the story, and the lover of the secondary heroine deserves quotation. He tried to picture her face in his memory, and used to forget parts of it and to be compelled to refer to the original. "I could not recall this morning the exact curve of your throat and chin. You have such a beautiful throat, Georgina; it is like a Greek statue's. Ah, I think I have engraved it on my mind—my heart—now!" One is not surprised to hear that she "moved a little away from him." If, like the heroine in the other book, she had moved as far away "as the opposing wall allowed," we should have considered that she was justified by the provocation.

On the whole, these are two well-meaning books; the first is written with rather more ease and ability than the second; but neither is likely to give any great degree of pleasure to a critical reader.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

IN spite of all that has been written in recent years on the Lake Poets, it would be unfair to describe Mr. Malleson's "Holiday Studies of Wordsworth" as a superfluous book. It consists of a group of essays on localities like the valleys of the Wharfe and the Duddon, around which the genius of the author of "The Excursion" has thrown a halo of romance. There is a happy absence of direct criticism in this pleasant and gracefully written volume, but Mr. Malleson, nevertheless, conjures up successfully what may be termed the local associations and scenery of Wordsworth's poems. He carries us in fancy to hills and dales, streams and woods, with which now the poet's visions are for ever linked, and he also recalls the romantic traditions and historical episodes of places, "far from the madding crowd," from which Wordsworth drew inspiration.

A group of sermons preached to Harrow boys by the headmaster during the last three years has just appeared with the title of "The Fire upon the Altar." Mr. Welldon evidently cultivates extreme plainness of speech in his addresses to the lads who gather around him in the school chapel, and hardly less obvious than this manly directness of argument and appeal is the close application of these addresses to the practical difficulties and duties of life. The aspirations and high purposes of youth are passed in review, and everywhere in these pages bright and wholesome and sympathetic counsels prevail. We have only space for one extract; it is from a sermon on the mission of England in the modern world:—"There is a duty, then, which lies upon England. . . . It is to exhibit the harmony of knowledge and faith, of progress and reverence, of science and conscience. It is to prove that above all qualities of art and learning, above the gifts and graces of life, stands the unalienable quality of character. It is for this that God has given us the richest heritage, the amplest Empire, the language most widely spoken among men." Harrow boys, in a moral sense, ought to grow strong on such teaching.

A briefless barrister left to kick his heels in the Temple, in chambers at once elevated and obscure, is responsible, so the Rev. Titus Tipstaff assures us, for the "Greenleeks Papers." By way of beguiling the enforced leisure of years which cannot truthfully be described as years of plenty, that unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Christopher Greenleeks, has rushed—or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, has loitered—into print. We are glad to discover that the worthy fellow seems to know his Bible well, and has likewise conned to some advantage his Shakespeare and his Scott. Burton, of melancholy renown, is clearly a man after his own heart, and no one can read far into these pages without perceiving that Carlyle stands to the author in the relationship of guide, philosopher, and friend. Yet in spite of these appreciations, Mr. Christopher Greenleeks has scribbled in his classic retreat hard by the roaring Strand three hundred pages, more or less, of vapouring heroics. The book is so daintily printed and bound that even a jaded reviewer laid hands on it with a thrill of unwonted expectation, but he drops it with a sigh—apples of Sodom, alack! We care not for these effusions on duty, pinchbeck, wages, triflers, counsel's opinion, and other "sundry vanities." They are written for the most part in the forcibly-feeble style, and when we turn from the manner to the matter, the theory of the survival of the fittest in this instance breaks down, for feebleness has it all its own way.

When Mr. Balfour's political achievements are forgotten, grateful old fogies of the twentieth century will give him his due as the eminent personage who made the ancient and royal game of "Golf" famous as far south of St. Andrews as St. Helier. We are not unmindful of the performances in this direction on the links and in literature of Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and others of that ilk; but their prowess, we still make bold to aver, would have profited little with the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease if the Irish Secretary, in the character of King of Clubs, had not stalked majestically upon the field. Golf, accordingly, has suddenly

grown fashionable on this side of the Tweed, and at Felixstowe, Yarmouth, and Sandwich, the ancient mariner finds a fresh cause for diversion in the diversions of others; whilst at Wimbledon, and even at Blackheath, Cockney devotees of the game can now make sport to their heart's content for the local Philistines. There is nothing in the least degree remarkable about "Famous Golf Links"—or rather, we make haste to add, about the volume which describes them. It consists merely of a group of chatty commonplace papers, duly provided, by way of illustration, with a few inferior and dreary-looking pictures.

How to escape "Sea-Sickness" is one of those minor problems in life to which squeamish people attach an exaggerated importance. Dr. Dutton gravely assures us, in the opening sentence of his little book, that *mal-de-mer* is a complaint which from "time immemorial" has cursed those who go down to the sea in ships. Possibly there are some men who may derive a grim satisfaction from the artless, but rather obvious reflection, that not all the wisdom of the ancients was proof against the ocean in its more tempestuous moods. For ourselves, we are concerned, not with the past, but with the future, and wish when next we find ourselves afloat, to possess a talisman which shall shield us from humiliating experiences, should the vessel rock or reel in an unquiet sea. Dr. Dutton believes that prevention is better than cure, and he has much to say that is sensible and to the point, concerning the stealthy advances of the enemy. People who are about to take a voyage for their health will find many medical hints in this little volume, and if they have sense enough to follow the doctor's advice, we venture to predict that their own comfort during the trip will be materially enhanced. Bromide of ammonium, it seems, is the most useful drug in the Pharmacopœia, in sea-sickness, but the reader who wishes to know how to use that and other remedies had better straightway consult this handy manual for himself.

People who are consumed with a desire to obtain an "Introduction to Phonetics" may now—thanks to Miss Laura Soames—have their wishes gratified. The object of this popular manual on comparative phonology is to give a clear idea to the average learner of the mode of formation of the articulate sounds in the three modern languages most studied in our schools. There is truth in the assertion that the extraordinary anomalies of English spelling is one of the greatest obstacles to the intelligent study of phonology, for the same sounds are continually "masquerading in a new dress." The greater part of the book is concerned with English sounds, and good reasons are given for the adoption of such a course. The pupil, for instance, is thus led from the known to the unknown, and obtains at the same time a firm grasp of the principles of phonetics by illustrations drawn from his own language; and since the sounds of English are more difficult than those of French or German, his progress, if he possesses ordinary intelligence, is comparatively easy when he turns to the latter languages. Hitherto there has been no easy manual of phonetics in existence which gave clear and simple explanations of the sounds of English, French, and German. This work is a creditable and conscientious attempt to supply the omission, and to hasten the time when English will be pronounced by the rank and file with a purer accent, and a good pronunciation of foreign languages can be acquired on a rational method within a reasonable period.

Two recent reprints which have reached us are Miss Yonge's "Lances of Lynwood" and Miss Hertford's "Among the Heather." The former is a charming historical tale based on the "bewitching Chronicle of Froissart," but the old "Vie de Bertrand du Guesclin" has also been placed under requisition. The book has gone through many editions, and now appears as a volume in the cheap uniform issue of Miss Yonge's novels. "Among the Heather" has also won the honour of a cheap edition. It is a bright wholesome story, descriptive of an English girl's experiences in the Highlands, written with quiet humour and at least average insight.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WE cannot pretend to be surprised at the fact that the Unionist journals seem almost inclined to charge Providence with being unfriendly to their party and their cause. At the present moment there are no fewer than six vacancies in the House of Commons, five of which have been caused by death and one by the exercise of patronage by the Government. All of these vacancies happen to be for seats which have hitherto been filled by supporters of the Ministry. It is hardly wonderful that the Ministerialists are inclined to complain of their bad luck. Some of the vacant seats are, however, avowedly Conservative in character—such, for example, as that for the City of London—and the Government and their friends will therefore be able to rejoice over an easy victory. The case is different with regard to other constituencies, however; and it is highly probable that this miniature General Election will not be fought without some losses to the Ministerial party. Both sides might, perhaps, have been content at the present moment to forego the labour and excitement of contested elections in view of the fact that a General Election is now within measurable distance. But our political affairs have reached a point at which there is not only no possibility of compromise, but no excuse for evading a direct trial of strength between the two parties in the State. We shall, therefore, for some weeks to come be plunged into the turmoil of an unusual number of contested elections.

LORD KIMBERLEY has assumed the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Lords in succession to LORD GRANVILLE. The appointment is a temporary one. In existing circumstances it has been felt to be expedient by the Liberal Peers to make as small a change as possible in existing arrangements. The next General Election will settle many things, and among others the question of the leadership of the House of Lords. As LORD KIMBERLEY had always acted as leader of his party during the temporary absences of LORD GRANVILLE, it was felt that no better selection for the post of temporary leader could be made. Although not so well known to the general public as some other members of his party, LORD KIMBERLEY is known to his friends and political associates as one of the very ablest men in public life.

MR. MORLEY's amendment to the Land Bill, which was under discussion in the House of Commons on Thursday and Friday, is one of the most important proposals yet made in connection with that measure. That the credit of a locality shall not be pledged without the consent of the inhabitants, ought—we might well suppose—to be a principle recognised by Liberals of every class. But Liberals like MR. CHAMBERLAIN (once the apostle of local rights) refuse this simple concession to justice when it has to be made in an Irish county; and a traitor like MR. PARNELL, rather than see any service rendered to Ireland by a Liberal leader, is prepared to resist a proposal which he has hitherto strenuously supported.

THE defeat of the Government on Friday week on the question of the opium traffic with China has

placed all parties, except the genuine opponents of opium culture, in an awkward position. If the resolution of the House were to be carried into effect, a most serious loss to the revenue of the Indian Government would necessarily be incurred. SIR ROBERT FOWLER has proposed to move an amendment which would compel this country to make good the loss to India; and this is unquestionably the fair and logical outcome of such a resolution as that adopted by the House on the motion of SIR JOSEPH PEASE. But many of those who supported SIR JOSEPH are not prepared to follow him in accepting SIR ROBERT FOWLER's amendment. On the other hand, a statement made by the Speaker on Monday evening showed that by the formalities of procedure in the House the resolution carried by SIR JOSEPH PEASE against the Government, whatever its moral weight may be, has no operative effect. Whilst we heartily concur in the attempt to limit the opium trade, with a view to its eventual suppression, it is impossible to fail to recognise in the difficulty which has now arisen one of the results of the attempt to deal with questions of this description by means of abstract resolutions.

THERE is no need to speculate upon the painful announcements which have been made during the present week with regard to two members of Parliament, both of whom had been held in much respect by their political associates—CAPTAIN E. H. VERNEY and MR. DE COBAIN. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of both of these gentlemen, against the former on a charge of being concerned in a plot for decoying an Englishwoman to France for an immoral purpose, and against the latter on a still more terrible accusation. CAPTAIN VERNEY has returned from abroad to face his accusers; but MR. DE COBAIN seems to have fled from justice—a very ominous fact. At the same time it is only fair to remember that accusations like these brought against CAPTAIN VERNEY and MR. DE COBAIN are precisely those which are most terrifying to nervous men, whether innocent or guilty, and that at present not a particle of evidence has been offered in support of either charge. The melancholy business has naturally cast a gloom over the House of Commons.

It is painful to see a man of the high character of SIR HENRY JAMES "beating the drum ecclesiastic" with a persistency equal to that of the most violent of Orangemen. To attempt to make political capital out of old sectarian hatred, as SIR HENRY JAMES did in his speech to the Liberal Unionists last Tuesday, is distinctly discreditable. Every kind of argument has been pressed during the past five years into the service of those who are anxious to maintain the present system of Orange ascendancy in Ireland; but the worst of all arguments has been the "No Popery" cry. For the credit of Englishmen we trust that SIR HENRY JAMES will prove to be an exception to the rule in his party, and that the most bitter opponent of the Liberal policy will hesitate before he attempts to re-light the fires of religious bigotry and sectarian persecution.

It is amazing to see the blunders committed by clever men. LORD STALBRIDGE is not only an important member of the Unionist party, but the Chairman of the London and North Western Railway

Company. He is also a man of distinct ability. Yet he forgot himself so far as to address a letter to the Chairman of the Committee of Selection in the House of Commons, complaining of the fact that certain members, whom he regarded as unfriendly to the railway interest, had been placed upon the Joint Committee of the two Houses to consider the question of railway rates. The House of Commons is justly jealous of any attempt to interfere with its privileges, and LORD STALBRIDGE'S foolish action has been resented with proper spirit by the members of the Lower House. What is surprising is the fact that it never seems to have occurred to LORD STALBRIDGE, who has had so large an experience as a member of Parliament, that in writing to the Chairman of the Committee of Selection on such a subject, and in subsequently publishing the correspondence, he was directly infringing one of those privileges of Parliament which are most precious in the eyes of members.

THE scheme of Federation adopted by the Convention of Australia on Wednesday week verifies the principal prediction in the letter we publish to-day from our correspondent in Australia. Customs Union has been adopted, but deferred until the framing of a uniform tariff—an arrangement which gives time for the other members of the Union to overtake Victoria. The choice of a capital has been postponed. The plan he mentions of locating different Federal institutions in different towns is doubtless suggested by the Swiss arrangement, under which the Legislature sits at Berne and the Supreme Court at Lausanne; but in the main the Federal scheme follows English and American models, the former by preference. Thus, while there is to be a Senate and House of Representatives, elected much on the American plan, there is the English system of Cabinet Government; there is to be a Supreme Court (though in some cases an appeal will be possible to the Privy Council) which it is to be hoped will stand as high as its American prototype; and the *plébiscite* has been definitely rejected, for the election of the Governor-General and even for the adoption or amendment of the Constitution. Marriage law is among the thirty-one subjects reserved for the Federal Legislature, as well as defence, bank-note issue, and apparently taxation. The Colonies gain a step in rank, and appear as "States." The scheme now awaits the approval of the Colonial Legislatures and the Imperial Parliament. The scheme seems an admirable attempt to satisfy the claims of nationality without seriously interfering with the English connection, and its adoption will doubtless mark a new era in the history of the Empire.

GEOGRAPHICAL necessities nullify the devices of statesmen. The Canadian Pacific Railway was built largely out of public funds to secure the national unity of the Dominion. The Intercolonial—geographically its continuation to the Atlantic—has been practically superseded by a shorter route through Maine. It has at last secured access to New York, and now it has acquired an outlet into Minnesota, which will be convenient in the future either for Restricted or Unrestricted Reciprocity—though it is reported that the United States Treasury is about to hamper railway traffic between the States and Canada by withdrawing the permission now given to affix consular seals to through freight-cars.

AN old question is revived in a new form by the proposal to lay a line for tramcars across Westminster Bridge and down the Embankment as far as Charing Cross. All the people who do not use tramcars—that is to say, the wealthier and more fashionable portion of the community—seem to be united in opposition to this proposal; whilst it is supported no less strongly by those to whom tramcars are a convenience, if not a necessity. No one can pretend

that the tramcar is a beautiful object, or that its appearance on the Thames Embankment will increase the attractions of that noble thoroughfare. But, after all, the Embankment was laid out for the benefit of the people of London as a whole, and not for that of a comparatively limited class, and it is difficult to see how Parliament can withhold its sanction from a scheme which, without inflicting real injury upon anyone, must be of distinct advantage to the public in general.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 3 per cent. to 3½ per cent. The change was rendered necessary by the drain of gold which has set in. During the week ended Wednesday night as much as £645,000 of the metal had been withdrawn for Russia; and although it is believed that, for the moment, the Russian demand is satisfied, it is known that the Russian Government has a very large sum standing to its credit with MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD here, and, therefore, it may at any moment take further considerable sums. In addition, gold has been going from New York to Berlin for several weeks past, and already the drain is beginning to cause apprehension there and to raise rates. The Imperial Bank of Germany is, moreover, desirous of strengthening itself. And it is feared that the Portuguese Tobacco Monopoly issue which is about to be made in Paris may lead to withdrawals of gold for Paris. Over and above all this, it is to be recollected that next month there will be the usual withdrawals of gold from London for Scotland. But the reserve of the Bank of England is so low already that it cannot afford to lose very much more of the metal. It is to be hoped therefore that the Directors will take energetic measures to make the 3½ per cent. rate effective, and so succeed in protecting their reserve. The price of silver has once more fallen this week to 44½d. per ounce. The Indian demand continues unusually small for the season of the year, there is no Continental demand, and the American speculators are defeated in their efforts by the gold withdrawals and the disturbance they have caused in the Money Market.

THE gold withdrawals, the very grave news from the Argentine Republic, the revived rumours respecting political troubles upon the Continent, and the threatened break-up of the Western Railway Association in the United States, have all combined to check speculation upon the Stock Exchange and bring about a fall. Moreover, there are grave fears of financial troubles in Paris. It is known that several of the banks there are gravely embarrassed, and it is apprehended that some of them before long will be subjected to a run. Last week it looked as if the great operators in New York had come to the conclusion that the worst effects of the Argentine and Baring crisis had passed, and that they were strong enough now to manipulate the American market, and bring about a very considerable rise. MR. JAY GOULD in particular was credited with a resolve to engineer such arrangements as would induce the public to believe that a new era of prosperity for the Railways was setting in. But the Railroad Association meeting at Chicago has damped all these anticipations. In particular MR. JAY GOULD failed to put in an appearance. It is true that he pleads ill-health, but the plea is not generally believed. Other delegates also stayed away, with the result that during the first two days a quorum was not formed. In consequence there has been a fall in New York which has been reflected here in London. The state of the Labour question, too, is affecting the Home Railway Market, and Consols have given way in consequence of dearer money. The truth, of course, is that the consequences of the late crisis continue to make themselves felt, and that, in spite of combinations and syndicates, efforts to keep up unsound speculation must fail.



## THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THE VILLAGE.

FRIENDS of the old English parish scored a triumph last Tuesday. It is true that the votes of thirty-four Liberal Unionists enabled the Government to defeat Mr. Arthur Acland's motion for Parish Councils by the narrow majority of thirty-three; but the Liberal party officially declared itself in favour of village Parliaments on a Democratic basis, and even Mr. Ritchie was forced to admit that the rehabilitation of the township, in some form or another, was an essential part of any complete scheme of Local Government. Mr. John Morley, in seconding Mr. Acland's motion, tacitly paid a well-deserved compliment to one of the few private members who have really made a mark in this Parliament; but it is a pity that Mr. Morley did not see his way to taking part in the debate. There is scarcely any question on which the guidance of statesmanship is more required than that of local self-government in the rural districts.

In spite of the glibness with which certain catch-phrases are repeated, few subjects are really more difficult than the reform of the complicated tangle of English local administration. Upon what principles the new councils should be established, what duties should be assigned to them, what powers can be entrusted to the future Parliaments of peasants—all these are points upon which leadership is urgently needed. It would be idle to ignore the fact that members of the Liberal party are complaining, with some bitterness and not a little justification, that the party leaders are prone to leave to the younger members all the "thinking-out" of difficult problems upon which it is high time that the party made up its mind. It is all very well to declare for District and Parish Councils, but what kind of things do we mean by these terms? To this question last Tuesday's debate went far to supply an answer.

It is clear, in the first place, that we mean Village rather than District Councils. Mr. Ritchie's Bill of 1888 proposed to create only District Councils, and it was commonly assumed that these would be about equal in area to the Poor Law Union. But England and Wales is divided into only 647 Poor Law Unions, whereas there are 14,827 separate parishes. Some of these parishes are mere shreds and patches on the map, containing only a few dozen inhabitants. But it was abundantly clear on Tuesday that every parish of a certain size must have its own council, and that the grouping of parishes must not be carried further than is absolutely necessary. The Liberal Local Government Bill will create not 600 but nearer 10,000 local councils. The "Village Hampden" will at last get his chance, and no longer be driven into the towns from sheer lack of interest in the place of his birth. A local Parliament in every village is the Liberal policy of rural administration. Nor is the decision less clear as to the constitution of these Village Councils. It is already evident that they must be formed entirely in a Democratic way. There will be no nominated or ex-officio members—unless, indeed, the County Councillor of the district is given a place in them. They must be elected either annually or triennially, without property or rating qualification, by the whole population of the parish. It would, indeed, be well, in addition, to turn the existing Easter Vestry, now almost obsolete, into a quarterly evening meeting of the whole village, free to discuss any subject whatever, but with power only to pass recommendations for consideration by the Parish or County Councils. This would virtually be a revival of the old Town Meeting, which still works so efficiently in New England. The more local discussion we can arouse in our

villages, the better chance there is of awakening local life.

But the Village Councils thus elected would vary in importance from the petty committee of a village with not more than one hundred families up to the virtually municipal organisation of a populous "urban sanitary authority." The number of members on each council, the duties to be assigned to it, and the powers to be exercised by it, would naturally vary according to the circumstances of each case. Outside the municipal boroughs we have, at present, a complicated system of rural sanitary authorities, rural sanitary authorities possessing urban powers, and urban sanitary authorities. These three grades have different functions and varying powers. The Local Government Board is empowered to promote any locality from one class to another, and this power is usually exercised when a demand is made from the locality in question. It seems desirable to follow this useful precedent for our Village Councils. All parishes under, say, 2,000 population would receive, at first, only minimum powers, higher functions being given only to the larger parishes, or when locally demanded. Perhaps it would be well to substitute the County Council for the Local Government Board as the enfranchising body.

But whatever extra powers are given to the larger parishes, it seems indispensable that all should enjoy the right of action under the Allotments Acts and the Housing Acts. Even the smallest parish needs allotments, and the Village Council must have power to obtain land for this purpose (subject, perhaps, to an appeal to the County Council), and to let it out to tenants at fair rents. This is a reform which can nowadays scarcely be openly resisted. But in thousands of villages there is a need more urgent even than that of allotments. At present, in nearly all the South and West of England, the labourer is a mere weekly tenant of a cottage belonging either to the farmer or the squire. He is liable to have his few sticks turned on to the road at the first sign of independence. In Ireland the Boards of Guardians build, own, and let labourers' cottages under special statutory powers. Not until similar powers are conferred on English Parish Councils will the great mass of our farm labourers be decently housed; not until they can become the tenants of a public body will they be able to make any effective stand against that levelling down of wages for which every farmer is, as Adam Smith remarked, in a permanent tacit conspiracy.

The most crying need of the agricultural labourer is, indeed, more Freedom. What he demands is some protection from the four-fold power over him, now often in the same or allied hands. The magistrate, the employer, the landlord, and the Poor Law Guardian constitute a force which Hodge not unnaturally feels to be irresistible, even by the most ably administered of Labourers' Unions. The Village Council will accordingly become a new fulcrum for that voluntary organisation of labour which is the main hope of our more moderate reformers. It will for the first time make possible in the rural villages the genuine free life which has been gained by the sturdy handicraftsmen of the Northern towns.

Some of Mr. Acland's opponents last Tuesday laid stress upon the danger of giving to councils of illiterate and inexperienced men far-reaching powers of collective expenditure. Some powers of rating even the smallest Village Council must have, if it is to become a living entity in the Constitution. But it would be quite possible to do what is done in several of our colonies—namely, to fix a statutory maximum which the rate levied by the Village

Council should not exceed. Here, again, the parishes might be divided into classes according to population, with power to the County Council to promote from one class to another.

All this Democratic government of the village, by the village, for the village, appears to be profoundly distasteful to superior persons such as Mr. Hobhouse and his friends. Instead of it, they offer Hodge District Councils, on which he can no more sit (without payment of members) than on the County Councils. It is difficult to see what advantage is to be gained by removing the Council just far enough away from the cottage doors to destroy the possibility of genuine local control, and at the same time, not taking it far enough to secure even such administrative ability and newspaper publicity as the County Councils now command. Nor is it easy to see what functions remain for the District Councils, now that the Liberal Party has suddenly "gone solid" for granting wide functions to village or parish councils. The most appropriate area for the District Council has at first sight always seemed to be that of the Poor Law Union. But the Union areas cut right across municipal boundaries; Leeds, for instance, is in three Poor Law Unions, each including a large slice of the neighbouring county. It is, however, not proposed by any competent authority that the Village Council should deal with Poor Relief—an arrangement which would promptly land us in all the demoralising horrors of the old Poor Law. The District Council, outside the Metropolis, may therefore simply be a new name for the Board of Guardians, whose election arrangements sadly need reform. Any other necessary intermediary between the County and the Village Council may, perhaps, better be supplied by the County Council delegating local functions to standing committees composed of its own members for the localities in question.

This multiplicity of questions, each admitting of a diversity of treatment, shows how much has yet to be settled before Local Government Reform can be extended to the villages. It is now evident that this task is to be abandoned to the incoming Liberal Administration. It is, therefore, high time that some definite proposals were formulated (preferably in a Front Bench Bill), upon which the party, as a whole, may agree. Towards that work last Tuesday's debate was an important contribution; and it may well prove, in Liberal policy, to be the point of a notable new departure.

#### THE WORK OF THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

THE Royal Commission on Labour, which has been already so much delayed, is in no great hurry to begin work. Even the preliminary meeting of the heterogeneous body of Commissioners is postponed until next week. Few regular meetings can now be held before the Whitsuntide recess. Real work will scarcely get under weigh until the autumn, when, as several of the Commissioners hope, systematic and frequent meetings will be held. The fact is that there is as yet no plan for the operations of the Commission. Lord Hartington has been frankly confessing that he has no ideas at all on the subject. The Labour representatives are in a state of animated expectancy, and they will wait for an expression of the views of the other side. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who, as the only Cabinet Minister, may be expected to take the lead in defining the scope of the Commission's work, has, up to now, formed no better plan than that of calling as the first witness the much-abused Labour

Correspondent of the Board of Trade to discourse on the recent strikes. Lord Derby intends to get in the subject of National Insurance, Mr. Livesey will bring forward Profit-sharing, and Sir Frederick Pollock is reported to be itching to turn into a very succinct code indeed the law relating to picketing and Trade Union conspiracies. The whole matter lies, at present, in hopeless confusion, and if the Commission is to be of any use at all, some definite plan of action must be laid down at the preliminary meeting and rigorously adhered to.

The terms of the reference to the Commissioners are sufficiently wide to cover an inquiry into the whole confused mass of problems known as the Labour Question. They are to investigate the relations between employers (including combinations of employers) and those whom they employ (including the combinations of these latter). This obviously opens up the whole policy of Trade Unions on the one hand, and such combinations of employers as the Shipping Federation on the other. The whole question of individual *versus* collective bargaining for the hire of labour will be at issue. Profit-sharing, sliding scales, and piece-work will have to be dealt with. Blacklisting, "chair-marking," workshop fines, and other forms of industrial tyranny will need to be investigated. Then there will remain the great question of the hours of labour. Indeed, the whole subject of amending the Labour Laws (including the Factory Acts) might fairly have claimed a Royal Commission all to itself.

Lord Hartington would do well to submit to his fellow Commissioners at their first meeting a careful analysis of the subjects with which they will have to deal. Before taking up any special points in the relations between employers and employed, the general character of those relations had better be considered. The Commission might first ascertain the advantages and disadvantages of the organisation of workers into Trade Unions, and of masters into analogous combinations. The functions of local Trades Councils on the one hand, and of Chambers of Commerce on the other, might receive attention. This would lead up to an investigation into Boards of Conciliation and other expedients for promoting industrial peace. It is to be hoped that the Commission will show us how to extend and promote what is good in all these organisations, and especially how to bring within their benefits the women workers, the low-class male labourers, and the "garret masters"—that is to say the sweaters and the sweated—who are at present virtually excluded from them. The completion of the industrial revolution necessarily involves the general organisation of industry.

Allied to the question of the organisation of industry is that of intermittent *versus* regular employment of labour. The Commission might usefully compare the effect upon the population of the irregular employment given by the London Dock Companies with the regularly brigaded armies marshalled by our railway companies. This would lead to the vexed problem of long-term engagements of labour, such as Mr. Livesey introduced for the South Metropolitan Gas Company two years ago. Here the men of the North could tell the Commissioners a great deal which the men of the South need to know. From this point the transition would be easy to systems of profit-sharing and other forms of systematically adjusting wages. The various schemes lately described in the Board of Trade return need the elucidation and criticism of such witnesses as Mr. David F. Schloss and leading Trade Unionists. Some form of sliding scale may easily appear preferable to any bonus or profit-sharing system, and the Commissioners ought to get Dr. Spence Watson and Mr. L. L. F. R. Price to



give them the latest news upon the working of these automatic regulators of wages. Under this head, too, would come the question of pension schemes, provident funds, and plans for national insurance after the German pattern. Upon all these the Trade Unionists will have much to say.

But besides the points connected with wages, there are those relating to the hours of labour. The Commission will not deal with the hours of Railway Servants, on which a Select Committee is sitting. But the whole agitation for a general Eight Hours Day will necessarily come up for critical examination. Such questions as the possibility and desirableness of determining a standard day throughout each industry or group of industries may well repay examination. No doubt the advocates of a universal Eight Hours Day will also want to be heard. Finally, the issue as between Trade Union rule or Act of Parliament ought to be dealt with by the Commission.

Working men often complain more of what they call the tyranny of employers and foremen than they do of low wages or long hours. Employers, too, are more apt to grumble at the restrictive rules imposed by trade unions than at any rise in wages. Both these grievances will naturally come up before the Commission. "Blacklisting" in the large industries, "chairmarking" in the London cab trade, will have to be elucidated and criticised. It will be well worth while, on the other hand, to ascertain whether there is any truth in the allegations that the coercion of strong Trade Unions hampers trade. Disciplinary fines and their relation to the Truck Acts will, too, need investigation.

The whole subject of the law relating to labour combinations will certainly be brought in by Sir Frederick Pollock, if by no other Commissioner. But besides this branch of legislation, the Employers' Liability Acts, the Truck Acts, and much of the Factory Acts, might usefully be examined. Some of the Commissioners are strongly biassed in favour of "free labour," and whatever the Commission, as a whole, reports about Trade Unions, we may expect a demonstration from an energetic minority in favour of such an alteration of the law as would virtually put down both picketing and the boycott, and render strikes virtually impossible. We may, however, be quite sure that Mr. Burt and his fellow Trade Unionists will be on their guard against any attempt to deprive the Unions of their hardly won position of legality, upon which Mr. Frederic Harrison will be a valuable witness.

It will be seen that whilst the work of the Commission is vast, it is not incapable of systematic arrangement. Whatever may be the issue, we trust that the work of collecting and sifting suitable evidence will be managed on some regular plan. It will be a fatal blot upon the proceedings of the Commission if these are left to chance, or abandoned to the whims of individual members. We do the Commissioners the credit of believing that they "mean business." Now they must show that they are capable, as a body, of grappling adequately with the complications of the most important problem of the day.

#### THE PENDING ELECTIONS.

**T**HERE must be some "Separatist" conspiracy of mischance which has exposed the Government to attack in six constituencies. Members of Parliament are mortal like other men, but why should they die in such numbers on the Unionist side and not on the other? Happy is the Ministry which has no bye-elections, but this Administration

is perfectly beset by them. Some while ago a Tory paper was rash enough to accept the description of three pending contests as "a miniature General Election." All three ended disastrously for the Government, and the Ministerial majority was in a single week reduced by six votes on a division. Ominously enough, that phrase about the "miniature" has been revived by forgetful Unionists, who are nevertheless extremely apprehensive of the fortunes of war. The intoxication of Aston Manor has passed off. One Government organ implores its readers not to dabble in political meteorology, nor to attach the smallest importance to the coming contests. We are constantly assured that the Government possess the unabated confidence of the country, yet there is all this anxiety to minimise the significance of these bye-elections, though one of the seats is in the very centre and capital of Toryism, and four of the others are in county divisions. If Unionism is so strong, if there is so much reason, as Sir Henry James assured the Liberal Union Club, why the supporters of the Government should be gratified by their position, what is the explanation of this undisguised uneasiness? The Union is safe in the City. An ingenious contemporary argues that, as the City was once Liberal, there must be something very dreadful in Mr. Gladstone to have alienated such an enlightened constituency. The alienation is of pretty old standing. It began when Mr. Gladstone declared that the City was "gorged with charity, bloated with charity," and hinted pretty plainly that the one unreformed corporation in the kingdom would have to be taken in hand. This was the Radicalism which frightened the City Fathers. They did not mind the easy-going Liberalism which flourished up to 1868, but they trembled for the "harassed interests" which figured in Disraeli's rhetoric in 1874. A community administered by Livery Companies, suspicious of inquiries into their funds, is not likely to be the perpetual flower of a robust democracy. It is more than doubtful whether even Mr. Chamberlain, tamed and chastened by association with unransomed landlords, would be acceptable as a candidate to Gog and Magog.

But the City is to have a Tory after its own heart, and to show its devotion to stability and wisdom by electing a bi-metallist. Why a politician who would make ducks and drakes of the currency should commend himself specially to a constituency which abhors your Radical who wants to pick the Constitution to pieces, is one of the secrets of Tory ascendancy. Mr. Hucks Gibbs will probably join the party of Mr. Howard Vincent, and combine Conservatism with revolutionary crotchets. But this cannot be the reason why the elections excite such ill-concealed panic in Unionist circles. They cannot be alarmed about Mid-Oxfordshire and South Dorset. Whitehaven is a little precarious, perhaps, and it seems rather mysterious to bring a candidate all the way from Glasgow; but Sir James Bain will be supported by the intellect and adroitness of Mr. James Lowther, and when were these qualities ever known to fail? The vacancy in Stowmarket is a trifle awkward, and in the Harborough division the Liberal candidate has been making alarming headway. But is there no saving magic left in the Union? Why does not Sir Henry James make a pilgrimage through these constituencies, and expound his sagacious views about the Catholic Church in Ireland? It is no use asserting that Home Rule means both Rome Rule and the domination of the dynamiters, so Sir Henry has dropped the Clan-na-Gael and the Special Commission, and taken up the platitudes of Orange piety. Why not try these in Harborough and Whitehaven? They are particularly characteristic

of the only true Liberalism. An outcry against the power of the Irish priesthood comes with a special grace from a Liberal who knows what part the same weapon played in the controversy about the disestablishment of the Irish Church. It would be glorious to win six elections with invective borrowed from the Rev. Dr. Kane. The split in the Irish party and the crimes of Popery ought to be an abundant stock-in-trade for Unionist candidates; but still they are not sanguine. The painful fact that the Government have gained one seat since 1886, coupled with the circumstance that they have lost nearly thirty votes on a division, seems to dash the spirits of these champions of the Constitution.

There is a reasonable presumption that if the Government is secure in the regard of the electorate, they will keep all these seats by increased majorities. It will not be enough to hold their own with difficulty. The *Spectator* argued the other day that because the Anti-Parnellite majority at Sligo was considerably smaller than at Kilkenny, it was plain that the Gladstonians had grave cause for misgiving. It would be as logical to argue that, if the Tory majority in each of the vacant divisions does not equal the Tory majority at Aston Manor, the Government may as well abandon all hope. We need not borrow this peculiar meteorology. But it is clear that if the Unionist majorities in half a dozen places are appreciably less than the majorities in 1886, it will not do to maintain that the Government are gaining ground. Five years ago they defeated a policy. Now, they have to be judged by their own performances. These may be extremely meritorious, but, so far, the drift of popular opinion does not seem likely to make "the miniature General Election" favourable to this view. If the five contested divisions were to return Ministerialists by thumping majorities, every Unionist journal would claim the figures as indisputable proofs of popularity. But, for some singular reason, the supporters of the Government are most anxious that the public shall not greatly concern itself with the results of these elections.

#### MORALITY—IN THE ABSTRACT.

THE House of Commons on Friday last week did a righteous thing, and having done it, seemingly straightway repented of its own virtue. The resolution which it carried, by a majority of thirty, against the legalisation of the opium manufacture in India, has been long before the world, and has commanded the approval of thousands of public speakers and writers. Sir Joseph Pease, with whose name the struggle against a traffic which inflicts incalculable injury upon no inconsiderable portion of the human race will always be associated, deserves to be congratulated upon a victory to which, in his case, there is no alloy. He has long been convinced that no consideration of high policy, no question of expediency, ought to stand in the way of the suppression of a business which everybody knows to be founded upon evil. But can we say as much of all those who went into the lobby with him? Can we even say as much of those who, by staying away, made the defeat of the Government certain? We fear that we cannot do so. Already, indeed, we see that some of our moralists of last week have passed from the hot fit to the cold. They shrink in horror from the notion that the country which has decreed that the mild Hindoo should no longer live by an iniquitous trade, shall compensate the revenue of India for the loss entailed upon it by this virtuous resolve. Now, if one thing is absolutely certain in connection with this

miserable business of the opium traffic, it is that it is the duty of Great Britain to bear the cost of the act of virtue of which it can boast when it puts an end to that trade. How small a thing, indeed, would our morality be if it were a morality imposed upon other persons, to be carried out at their expense, not ours. We can hardly believe that there is a single member of the majority who would venture to assert that the proposal that this country shall make good the loss to the Indian revenue which was decreed last week, is not the only logical and equitable result of that resolution.

Our readers do not need to be told that we have no love for the present Government. Honestly believing it to be a bad Government, engaged in the maintenance of a most mischievous system founded upon injustice, we look forward with eagerness to the moment when it shall be dismissed from office; and in the meantime we cannot pretend to grieve over any reverses which may befall it, so long as they inflict no injury upon the honour or the highest interests of the nation. But we cannot pretend to feel any delight in the defeat of the Ministry last week, inasmuch as we fear that few of those who inflicted it were prepared to face the logical consequences of their own act. They were voting for morality in the abstract—a pleasant operation, but not always a safe one. Their victory suddenly gave to their resolution a practical character. They had demanded a certain thing, and lo! it has been placed in their hands. What will they do with it? Let them rest assured that it is not sufficient to forbid the Indian Government to profit by the cultivation of the poppy. They are bound in common justice, not merely to the Government, but to the people of India, to say how the lost revenue is to be made up; and, unless their morality is no better than that satirised in *Hudibras* verse, they are further bound to see that the unfortunate Hindoos are not made to pay for a virtue which was none of their seeking. All this is plain on the face of the question, and we candidly admit that it takes the gilt off the defeat of the Government yesterday week.

Then, do we uphold a trade demoralising in its character and fraught with injury to a vast community? That is the question which the moralist in the abstract is sure to put when anyone confronts him with the practical consequences of his own act of vicarious virtue. We reply that we no more defend the forcing of Indian opium upon the people of China than we would defend enforced dram-drinking in England. We admire Sir Joseph Pease for the persistence with which he has directed public attention to this particular evil in connection with our Indian Empire; we sympathise with those who are anxious to see that evil removed; but we must insist upon the fact that its removal leaves a heavy burden of responsibility, not to be evaded, upon the shoulders—of whom? Of the English Ministry, the Indian Government, the people of Hindostan? No; the responsibility falls necessarily upon the shoulders of those who have decreed this self-denying ordinance, whose love of morality in the abstract has led them to take a very serious step in practical politics. Are they prepared to face this responsibility? Or, having made their protest, will they allow it to be treated as an empty form, and leave matters to go on as they have done for so many years past? This is a serious question, and we confess that we hardly see what satisfactory answer can be given to it. If we take upon ourselves the cost of the loss of the revenue from opium we act in an honourable and consistent manner; but have we any reason to believe that the country generally will approve of the addition to the taxation which will be made necessary by our display of virtue? If, on the other hand, we leave the poverty-



stricken Indian tax-payers to pay the cost of *our* tribute to morality, we shall have little reason to be proud of ourselves, or satisfied with the manner in which we render homage to righteousness. Finally, if the whole thing is allowed to slide, can anybody believe that the cause of national morality will have been advanced by the adoption of another abstract resolution which no one ventures to put in force? We commend these questions and the ideas they suggest to the consideration of both parties in the House of Commons. To us it seems that the moral they teach is that no man should preach a morality which he is not prepared to practise at his own expense, and that, of all the methods of advancing the cause of virtue in national and international politics, the passing of abstract resolutions is probably the most doubtful.

### THE CRASH IN ARGENTINA.

THE crash in the Argentine Republic seems at last complete—more complete, indeed, than even the most pessimist ventured to anticipate a little while ago. The National Government has had to suspend payment in cash of its guarantees, and the interest upon its debt for three years. The Provincial and Municipal Governments have all made default upon their debts; the National and the Provincial Banks—the two great banking institutions of the Republic—have had to suspend for two months payments to depositors, and the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres is unable to pay the interest upon the Cédulas issued by it. This means, of course, that the great majority of the borrowers are bankrupt, and are therefore unable to fulfil their contracts. The Hypothecary Bank has lent to the owners of houses and lands over three hundred million dollars, raising the money by Cédulas, which are mortgage bonds, the interest and sinking fund being provided out of the money stipulated to be paid by the borrowers to the bank; and as an additional security the Cédulas are guaranteed by the Province of Buenos Ayres. The majority of the owners of houses and lands who have borrowed these immense sums are unable to keep their engagements; the bank itself has no money with which to pay the interest; and as the Provincial Government cannot pay the interest on its own debt, of course it cannot fulfil its guarantees with regard to the Cédulas. It will be seen that the crash is utter, and it is difficult to see that much more can happen. The company which undertook to complete the waterworks has failed, and is just completing an arrangement with the National Government in accordance with which it sells to the Government those works. There is talk of the stoppage of the harbour works, and of course it is notorious that railway contractors are in serious difficulties—many of them will be unable to complete their contracts—while railway companies themselves are also seriously embarrassed. Most of the companies have received guarantees from either the National or the Provincial Governments. The Provincial Governments are utterly bankrupt, and are unable to fulfil their guarantees in any form. For the present, therefore, these guarantees are absolutely worthless. But the National Government, instead of paying in cash, is making good its guarantees by the issue of 6 per cent. bonds, the bonds at the present time selling in London for about 75. Practically, therefore, the National Government guarantees are worth only three-fourths of the nominal amount guaranteed, and it is evident that any railway companies which depend upon these guarantees for making good the interest upon

their debentures are in a serious difficulty. Those which can pay the debenture interest may be unable to pay the preference dividend; and in the best case the ordinary shareholders will suffer. It is probable, then, that failures amongst contractors, railway companies, and the like, may occur from time to time. But practically it may be said that the crash is now complete, the whole of the Governments—National, Provincial, and Municipal—as well as the whole of the banks, being insolvent.

Of course, civil war may make matters even worse, but the hope is that civil war may be avoided, for General Mitre, who is the popular candidate in Buenos Ayres, and General Roca, who is the leader of the internal Provinces, have come to an understanding by which they are to maintain peace and to combine in the election of the new Administration. It is true that several generals, and the admiral of the fleet, have protested against this arrangement, and that the generals and admiral have been arrested. Our readers will hardly need to be reminded that the revolution last summer was preceded by military plots and the arrest of certain influential military officers. At the time we were all assured that these plots and arrests were not important, but they were quickly followed by an insurrection in Buenos Ayres and a change of Government. It is to be hoped that the experience will not be repeated. But we must not shut our eyes to the danger of political disturbances plunging the country into even a worse abyss. Will this general bankruptcy—for it is to be recollected that traders have failed in immense numbers, as well as the owners of houses and lands, the Governments, and the banks—will this general bankruptcy lead to repudiation and to such a state of things as has been witnessed in Peru for the last twenty years? That will depend very largely, we should think, upon the result of the coming presidential election. Both General Mitre and General Roca are well aware of the advantage to the country of maintaining its credit, and both, therefore, will do their utmost to keep faith with the public creditors. But if there should be another revolution, or if at the coming elections both General Mitre and General Roca should prove powerless to control the popular movement, then a repudiation Government may be installed. Assuming, however, that the coalition is strong enough to control the course of events and to secure the election of a President who will do his utmost to keep faith with the public creditors, there is no reason why Argentina should not ultimately emerge from its difficulties. But it seems certain that the public creditors must consent to compromise their claims. There can be no doubt at all that the owners of houses and lands in the Province of Buenos Ayres have borrowed too much. They are now somewhat in the position in which Irish landlords found themselves just after the great famine, when the Encumbered Estates Act had to be passed to sell them out. Of course, the Provincial Government cannot undertake to sell up the majority of the landowners in the Province—still less can it undertake to foreclose the mortgages, for that would mean a revolution; and that being so, it is evident that the holders of Cédulas will have to accept very much less than they were originally promised. As already stated, Cédulas have been issued for over 300 millions of dollars—that is, more than 60 millions sterling nominal value; which is evidently too much for a single Province, even though the province be the richest and best cultivated of the Republic. It is equally clear that the Provincial and Municipal Governments cannot pay what they have stipulated to pay. They have borrowed altogether beyond their resources. It seems probable, too, that the National Government's Debt and